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THE NORTH HUNTS ELECTION.

THE result of the North Hunts election, whatever it had been, was pretty certain to confirm Mr. GLADSTONE in the sanguine opinions which he has expressed in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. His convenient ingenuity could have had no difficulty in making the return of Mr. FELLOWS as much a triumph as the return of Mr. SANDERS, and his followers have actually sought this line of solace, which it would be cruel to grudge them. As a matter of fact, the election principally enforces the same lesson as that at Spalding, though the lesson itself was better understood by the Tory party, and the result was accordingly happier. Constituencies composed in great part of agricultural labourers require incessant canvassing and courting on both sides, and the utmost diligence has to be used to counteract the utter unscrupulousness of the paid and unpaid agents of demagoguery. It might be sufficient to say that a notorious clergyman of the name of TUCKWELL canvassed on the Gladstonian side. And Mr. TUCKWELL, who, however he may look on the practice in others, no doubt does not indulge in direct lying himself, was able to leave that part of the business to able and well-qualified assistants. The amount of falsehood told in reference to Tory intimidation at this election is probably unparalleled, even in the annals of electioneering mendacity. But the much greater activity on the side of the defenders of order is a very good sign, and if persevered in and bettered, as it must be, will, no doubt, soon counteract the devices which have put Mr. GLADSTONE in such heart. His own special pleading as to numbers need hardly be met with special pleading on the other side. That there is a certain reaction after a general election in which any party meets with a very decided defeat is among the best-ascertained facts of English politics. With constituencies more unbalanced than ever, more determined—as the North Hunts voter honestly confessed the other day—to “vote against the squire, that the squire may be more generous, in hopes of getting the vote back,” and assailed with new methods of canvassing, such a reaction becomes more likely than ever.

Mr. GLADSTONE's arguments, however, about names and words and numbers are less interesting than the curious question with which he ends his article. “Where is all this to end?” he imagines rational Tories and provident Unionists asking themselves, and he evidently supposes that the answer will be “Why, it will end in more seats—seats enough to form a majority—being transferred to Mr. GLADSTONE.” And it is here that the really interesting point comes in. He evidently supposes, further, that this will settle the matter. The “rational Tory” and the “Dissentient,” as Mr. GLADSTONE likes to call him, “who is inclined to the practice of forecast,” will be quite satisfied with seeing that defeat is probable. They will not ask themselves whether the winning side is the right one or the wrong; they will still less ask themselves whether, after all, minorities have not beaten majorities before now, and whether “My merry men, fight on!” is not a wiser as well as a nobler watchword than “Every man to his tents!” Success per number of heads having been forecasted, everybody will, if he does not promptly desert to the winning side, at any rate refrain from fighting actively on the losing. If Mr. GLADSTONE does not mean this, his words are absolutely meaningless. If he does, it is, not for the first time, extremely interesting and extremely instructive to see that his criterion of political action is not right, not justice, not principle (except

now and then on the platform when the words come in handy), but only “Which mob is going to be the largest!” and then “By all means shout with that one, whatever you do.” Never think of dying in the last ditch; never quote stupid old hexameters about *una salus*; never say, like the weak-minded JOSHUA, “As for me and my house, we will serve the LORD.” Add up the votes at Spalding and St. Ives, at Paddington and Basingstoke, and if they indicate a probable majority for Home Rule, go for Home Rule straight. If Mr. GLADSTONE's reputation as a politician who is nothing if not moral had not more lives than a cat or a hydra, it could hardly survive this act of suicide. But it will no doubt survive it.

This question, however, of Mr. GLADSTONE's, though as far as possible from having any intention of corroborating or strengthening the Government, ought to have that result. It is never a bad rule when the enemy takes to one form of fighting to take to a form as different as possible. For some time it seemed but too likely that Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues would cleave to Mr. GLADSTONE's own tactics: instead of laying down a plain programme and sticking to that at all hazards, that they would trim their sails to catch votes, and add up the said votes exactly in the Gladstonian manner. Fortunately the “blessings in disguise” of the last three months have taught them wisdom, not, it would seem, too late, and an immediate improvement has been seen, an improvement of which Archbishop WALSH's letter and the North Hunts election are in divers ways the signs. It would be better, indeed, if Mr. SMITH would not so frequently “leave to the country to determine who is to blame” for the obstruction which he ought peremptorily to stop; and it would be better if Mr. MATTHEWS would not let howling ruffians, who make the QUEEN's highways at once hideous and impassable with their unsavoury persons and their blasphemous nonsense, out of prison, while hundreds of poor wretches who have broken the law in a moment of anger or even a moment of hunger are mewed up. But it was very encouraging to note that in the debate of last week there was none of the trimming which might have been expected, no attempt to lure Mr. CHAMBERLAIN back into the Government lobby or to confirm Lord HARTINGTON in his loyal but not very cordial assistance. The proclamation of the Ennis meeting is also just as it should be. So far so good. But if any “resting and being thankful” takes place, the calculations which Mr. GLADSTONE so much recommends will begin again. There is not, when the fourteen days' grace have elapsed—there is not previously unless a most unnecessary chivalry is shown—the slightest reason for refraining from proceeding against the League in earnest. When a man like Mr. DILLON has the effrontery to say from his place in Parliament that “no one will be allowed to occupy” such and such farms, the need of immediate action cannot be denied. And when Mr. DILLON says this, the justification of such action can only be denied by effrontery as great as his own. For here, in the exact words of the second, if not the first, representative man of the Irish party, is the proof so constantly demanded by the baser folk among the Gladstonians and so laboriously provided by Mr. BALFOUR. Mr. DILLON (correcting himself, indeed, to the milder form “at least there was not the least chance of any one occupying,” but only after he had let the cat out of the bag) declares that in a certain part of HER MAJESTY's dominions no man will be permitted to derive benefit from a legal contract because there is somebody whom, in virtue of a contract legally terminated,

Mr. DILLON and his friends choose to regard as having an unexhausted interest. It would be impossible to have a *confitemur* in a clearer manner, and we can only suppose that this unwonted boldness on the part of the defenders of anarchy is due to the change indicated in the recent utterances, printed and spoken, of such English Parnellites as Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. GLADSTONE practically admit the illegality of their allies, and ask whether sensible Tories and Unionists are going to make up their minds to that illegality or not, it clearly becomes useless for Nationalists to bate their breath or to content themselves with mere "obstruction and rot." Mr. GLADSTONE says, "Until you grant Home Rule, somebody, no matter who, will take care that you get no business done." Mr. MORLEY says, "Irishmen are very strong and very determined, and you had better knuckle down." Mr. DILLON says, "I will make, or somebody will make, everybody a miserable who does what I do not like in Ireland." Now, clearly it is no use for the Government to take to the line of sweet reasonableness, though it may be plausibly contended that in doing so they would be following the principle above recommended of taking the line which the enemy does not take. They must, against Mr. GLADSTONE, announce a principle and stick to it. Instead of counting votes, they must, against Mr. MORLEY, show that, unpleasant as Irishmen may make themselves, the QUEEN'S Government can make itself unpleasant. They must, as against Mr. DILLON, show that scoundrels can have their lives, and, if necessary, their deaths, made unpleasant to them, as well as honest men. And if they do this they take the only probable, and with fair luck the certain, path of safety. The eminent North Hunts voter himself was pledged to vote for "Squire" next time if "Squire" had lost; and it may be said that, fools as Englishmen may sometimes be, they have never been quite fools enough to be bamboozled long together by persons like Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. LABOUCHERE, Mr. COBB and Mr. HALDANE. "Time and the truth against any two" is the safest possible form of the proverb; but you must back the truth vigorously to make it applicable to yourself.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE approaching end of the Session will be even more welcome than in ordinary years to all but a small minority of members. It might have been reasonably hoped that in the short interval which yet remains the habit of obstruction would be suspended; but the chief practitioners of the art have reserved the exhibition of their masterpiece to the last. The smallest evil which obstruction has caused has been the almost entire abeyance of English legislation. It would not have been a subject for profound regret if the Allotments Bill had shared the fate of the other Ministerial measures. The zealous advocates of the principle of the Bill would probably have talked it out if the leader of the House had not declared that until the measure was passed the Government would not proceed to prorogation. Mr. SMITH and his colleagues naturally wished to prove at the last moment that the House of Commons is not yet absolutely incapable of transacting its proper business. It might be objected by cynical commentators that the theory of compulsory expropriation has been hitherto promulgated by the party which is now in opposition. Conservative landowners have probably taken a principal share in the voluntary provision of allotments; but they will not have regarded with enthusiasm the conversion of their leaders to the doctrine of legislative interference with property. The changes which were made in the Bill during its passage through the House of Commons were all in the direction of conformity to popular clamour. The election of a separate body in every district to administer the Act will not improbably lead to corruption or to injustice; but it is true that the machinery provided by the Bill will soon be superseded by a more comprehensive organization. The authorities who will be constituted by the future Local Government Bill will necessarily be entrusted with the provision and distribution of allotments. A body elected by household suffrage may be expected to interpret its own powers in the manner which will be the most favourable to the interests of the majority of its constituents. On the whole, it is doubtful whether the principal English measure of the Session ought to excite strong feelings of complacency.

The Government will be fully justified in pushing forward without delay the business which still remains. Both the House and its leader have by this time become accustomed to the method of shortening debates which was provided by the new rules of procedure. There can be no harm in preventing loquacious members from discussing at undue length the votes which still remain to be passed. It is not worth while to compel members who remain in town to attend during six days in the week if a portion of their number is allowed to make long speeches on irrelevant or abstract questions. It is perhaps too sanguine an aspiration that Irish affairs may for a week or ten days be relegated to unwonted silence; but Mr. BALFOUR will not encourage the curiosity of members who may be anxious to learn the intentions of the Government as to the administration of the Crimes Act. As Parliament has now by a large majority recognized the legal right of suppressing the National League in any district where such a proceeding may seem advisable, the House of Commons ought not to be allowed to interfere with the administration of the law. Only agitators and political fanatics can wish to prolong the Session; but it is possible that some irrepressible orators may still hope to intimidate or to embarrass the Government. They may act on the assumption that the Ministers will defer vigorous measures against the disturbers of public peace till they are secured by the prorogation against Parliamentary obstruction. The business which has still to be transacted is for the most part formal; but it may provide excuses for obstruction. The country in general will witness the close of the Session with unmixed gratification. Similar feelings are annually expressed in every country which is blessed with Parliamentary institutions. In the United States and in France the commencement of the recess is regarded with a satisfaction which is still more fully justified in the United Kingdom.

The worst offenders against order and decency have taken pains to leave the memory of their practices fresh in the minds of their colleagues in the House of Commons and of readers of the debates. The speech of Mr. HEALY on the vote for the salary of the CHIEF SECRETARY was one of the most disgraceful productions of an unprecedented Session. Mr. HEALY more than once called the UNDER-SECRETARY "a released convict," because he had five-and-twenty years ago, as a mere boy, been punished for assaulting a policeman. The same orator, after he had been assured that Colonel KING-HARMAN receives no salary, coarsely expressed his disbelief of the statement, though, independently of official evidence, he had the means of knowing that his accusation was unfounded. On the same evening Mr. SEXTON remarked that an opponent who happens to be a Queen's Counsel had little professional business. It is useless to criticize violations of a code of morals and manners which is sometimes unknown to the delinquents, and of which they are always contemptuous; but they are, under Mr. PARNELL, the directors of the policy of the regular Opposition. It is not too much to say that the ill-breeding of many Nationalist members involves serious danger to Parliamentary government. Mr. GLADSTONE and his principal followers have frequently complained that the Irish members are not treated with the respect and deference which perhaps ought to be ostensibly maintained under the present provocation. It is often difficult to remember that the HEALYS and the TANNERS are entitled to the privileges which they incessantly abuse. They probably often suspect, not without reason, that the most impressive and courteous demeanour conceals feelings of indignant contempt. It is perhaps unlucky that they have lately, for the most part, disported themselves in the absence of the SPEAKER. Mr. COURTNEY has shown ability in the discharge of an arduous duty; but the SPEAKER possesses by virtue of his rank and office an authority which cannot equally belong to the Chairman of Committees. Unfortunately, neither of the two presiding officers is heartily supported by members who would be incapable of committing Parliamentary outrages in their own persons.

In spite of the perversity of a certain number of Home Rulers, the Session is at last slowly approaching its end. Some of the most violent and most obscure of Mr. PARNELL'S English adherents have lately transferred their energies from Westminster to Dublin. It might be suggested that they disregard the law of political supply and demand when they import seditious oratory into its favourite home; but, on the whole, the COBBs and the CONYBEARES are perhaps less mischievous out of doors than in their places in Parlia-

ment. They may still perhaps return to object with their Irish allies to the customary Clauses of the Appropriation Bill, or perhaps to make the Indian Budget a text for declamation against the injustice suffered by the natives. It will be well if the discussion is, according to established custom, conducted by Anglo-Indians with as little interruption as if they were Scotch members complaining of their provincial grievances. When it was settled many years ago that the Indian Budget should once a year be submitted to Parliament, the founders of the existing system of government may perhaps have thought that the House of Commons were anxious to interfere in the details of Indian administration. Their hopes or fears have, on the whole, been disappointed; and the only objection to the annual statement of the Secretary of State or his representative in the House of Commons and to the discussion which follows his remarks has been the extreme dullness of the speakers and indifference on the part of the audience. Successive leaders of the House have with one accord found themselves unable to fix a day for the Indian Budget, except in the dregs of the expiring Session. At some future time, and possibly on the present occasion, some ambitious innovator will perhaps take the opportunity of making an attack on the Government of the day. The present House of Commons will scarcely encourage an agitation for Home Rule in India. The members are, with the possible exception of the most irrepressible Nationalists, thoroughly tired out by the tedium if not by the labours of the Session.

It is not a little remarkable that the Government has succeeded in keeping a majority together during so long and exhausting a series of debates. It is but fair to sympathize with the disappointment of many reasonable ambitions. With the exception of the leaders, Unionist members have had little chance of obtaining the distinction to which some of them would have been fully entitled. If the precedent of the Session of 1887 is followed, a seat in the House of Commons will scarcely remain an object of ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE's followers, as well as Mr. PARNELL's, have indulged in unlimited vituperation, but the duty of repelling their attacks has devolved almost exclusively on the Ministers. They have only received the aid on important occasions of Lord HARTINGTON, and once or twice of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Great credit is due to the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, who has, even when deliberate attempts to disturb his equanimity were made, never lost his temper. Mr. BALFOUR has courageously borne the brunt of the great battles on the Crimes Act, the Land Act, and the Proclamation. He lately reminded one of his assailants, who had compared him to his disadvantage with all his modern predecessors, that they in their turn were denounced on the same alleged grounds with equal violence. Mr. BALFOUR, as the Minister immediately responsible for the government of Ireland, has still the most difficult task to perform. His necessary residence in Ireland during the recess will afford but little repose after his exhausting Parliamentary labours.

DOG, BAT, AND COW.

ALL the noble beasts that would be sea-serpents if they dared, but lack the necessary scorn of public ridicule, are issuing demurely forth from their nests, dens, abysses, repositories, or wherever they reside at other seasons of the year, and are beginning to walk abroad with as much command of countenance as nature has bestowed upon them respectively. It is their duty, and they do; and if any one is churlish enough to object to their presence he ought to go and spend his holidays outside their beat. It is certainly difficult to do so, because when you are out of reach of newspapers it is lonely enough to encounter a serious risk of meeting the creature himself; but it is believed that, like spooks, he dislikes investigation, and that, if anything approaching to a look-out for him be kept, he is not likely to appear. Then his avatars do not occur, all the world over, above twice a day, and this week is rather fortunate in having been honoured by no less than three of sufficient interest, in one way and another, to be mentioned here.

The first is the retriever dog that "Eye-Witness" saw. It had a fit in the street, and on its recovery was tied to a lamp-post and battered to death by two constables with truncheons. Some persons may be disposed to urge that perhaps this was the ordinary dog of civilized life, which is

with us all the year round, and not the Long Vacation or Sea Serpentine variety. To believe so would be to act hastily towards Sir CHARLES WARREN and his merry men. For "Eye-Witness" may be a person incapable of accurate observation and report; or he may be one that loves to hoax a harmless editor; or he may be a believer in Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN; and in any of these events the retriever may be set down as certainly Sea Serpentine. And in this instance we are bound to believe him so if we possibly can; for otherwise the constables would have committed a vile and barbarous murder, which is not to be believed against them save on clear proof.

The character of the other snakes hardly requires this strictness of interpretation for its establishment. One was a bat—a marine or riverine bat. It swam across a river, while the narrator and his friend watched it, its head and the tips of its wings alone showing above water. When it had got across it did not like the look of the studious pair, so it swam back, and proceeded to climb a tree, tumbling down occasionally as it did so, because the water had made its wings so much heavier than usual. Every one must regret that it is not further recorded to have shaken itself like a wet dog, ruffled its feathers like an angry cock, and sung like a dying swan. The omission is probably due to the inattention of the observers. However, the cow made up for it. The carnivorous cow of Camborne is an excessively meritorious ophidian. Camborne, it will be remembered, gives its name to the Parliamentary division of Cornwall which Mr. C. A. V. CONYBEARE represents in the Lower House. The cow, therefore, a cow of most unbounded stomach, which may possibly be a representative Camborne cow, is a democratic beast. She said to herself, "What is man that he should eat the flesh of his equals, the pig, the sheep, the stag, and even the ox, while I, who have as many natural rights as, and more stomachs than he, have to put up with that poor thing, grass? It is inequality, which is inequitable. It is an anomaly, and I will sweep it away. It is a musty old custom, and I will mash it up. Go to! Bring me flesh, and see if I don't eat it as well as anybody." So she caught a rabbit. The reporter did not see her catch it, which shows a want of enterprise. When he first noticed her, it was in her mouth, and he watched her slowly chew it, and swallow it all. Which of her stomachs it elected to go into, or how it comported itself when there, history saith not. There is one criticism which it is a painful duty to make on Mr. CONYBEARE's constituency's cow's conduct. She appears to have bolted the entire animal, inside and outside, bones, fur, claws, and all. Now this was not clean, and Radicals ought to be clean. Otherwise her behaviour was advanced, and no doubt she will soon promote a demand for three acres and a labourer. What the exact relations between her and the labourer will be, it boots not to inquire. But it is obvious that compliance with her wish will kill two birds with one stone.

THE ZULU BLUE-BOOK.

THE latest Zulu Blue-Book ought to be nearly the last. The Government has at last, in curious conformity with the proverbial precedent of the Sibylline books, imperfectly attained the object which might have been more fully accomplished several years ago. All that remains of Zululand has been included in the English dominion to form one province with the Reserve, which had previously been subject to a protectorate. The new Boer Republic, which may probably soon be merged in the South African State, was originally carved out of territory belonging to the Zulus, and it is finally lost to the proper owners. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, in a published Memorandum, states with equal truth and candour that "HER MAJESTY'S Government has for many years past seemed to be so feeble and hesitating of purpose in all matters relating to Zululand that the most difficult part of the task of any officer representing the Government to the Zulus is to impress the latter with belief in the permanency of our intentions or arrangement that it may become his duty to make with them." It is partly or wholly for this reason that some of the principal chiefs have during the late negotiations hung back instead of cordially assenting to measures tending to their own benefit, and have more than once protested against the decisions of the Government. Some of them are greatly to blame for their share in causing the confusion which has prevailed. DINUZULU, son of CETEWAYO,

and his advisers, invited the aid of Boer adventurers against USIBEPU, and they have since thwarted to the utmost of their power all attempts to repair in part the mischief which they had done. The members of the family which formerly reigned in Zululand not unnaturally cherished the hope of retaining or recovering their former rank and power. They may perhaps now be convinced that there is no room for a native king in an English province. According to a strange report, DINUZULU has been invited to take office in the new Republic. Three members of the Royal family and six of the chiefs appointed in 1879 attended with their tribes to the number of 9,000 at the formal proclamation of the QUEEN'S assumption of sovereignty, and the whole body in their march past saluted the Royal standard. DINUZULU and his Minister were absent, but USIBEPU, the ablest and most loyal of Zulu chiefs, took a part in the ceremony.

It seems certain that the annexation is both in itself and in the judgment of the Zulus not only advantageous, but indispensable. The alternative would have been to abandon the natives to the mercy of their formidable enemies on the west. The Boers had nominally included in their new Republic the whole of Zululand from their own actual border to the sea. It was only by a difficult process of negotiation that Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK succeeded in inducing the Boers to agree on a division of the territory between themselves and its proper owners. The frontier has now been marked out by beacons; and, though some of the Zulu chiefs complain that they were not represented on the Boundary Commission, there is no reason to suppose that they could have obtained better terms. Of the territory in dispute, the new English province forms at least three-fifths in extent, though perhaps not in value; and it appears from detailed statements published in the Blue-book that large tracts, well suited for cultivation and pasture, are still open to settlers. The incessant wars and disturbances of late years have deterred many natives from taking up a settled residence. There is reason to hope that they will soon be encouraged to discontinue their wandering habits, and to make the most of the remnant of their former possessions. Before the present arrangement was completed, a question arose whether a protectorate would be preferred by the natives to simple annexation. The opinion of those who knew them best might have been confidently anticipated. The Zulus are incapable of appreciating nice constitutional distinctions, which indeed would in this case be merely nominal. DINUZULU and UMYAMANA might have preferred a form of settlement which was not obviously incompatible with the restoration of the kingly power; but they probably understand by this time that the Imperial Government, if it is to protect them from their neighbours, must also exercise supreme power both in domestic and foreign affairs. The natives have always objected to amalgamation with the colony of Natal. They are quite right in preferring the authority of an Imperial Commissioner or Government to the supremacy of a colonial Council. The Legislature of Natal has frequently complained of its exclusion from any share in Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK'S negotiations with the Zulus. Sir HENRY HOLLAND was fully justified in relying on the judgment of the Lieutenant-Governor and of the native Commissioners. He was satisfied that the people, though they were prepared to accept British rule, would not willingly accept Natal native laws.

There is, in truth, no more unsatisfactory machinery for administering such a country as Eastern Zululand than a colonial Legislature which necessarily represents the interests of the more civilized section of the population. The Imperial Government will be impartial in its dealings with different races, and it may be trusted to secure the occupation of Eastern Zululand and the Reserve to its proper owners. If at any future time annexation to the neighbouring colony is deemed advisable, the present arrangement will be open to reconsideration. It might have been supposed that the English or European inhabitants of Natal would be satisfied with the existing disproportion between their own numbers and the mass of the native population. A few years ago the Zulus of Natal outnumbered the whites in the proportion of twenty to one, and there is no reason to believe that any material change has since taken place. Shortly before the proclamation of the QUEEN'S sovereignty, a compromise was effected which may perhaps have satisfied the Legislative Council and its constituents. An Executive Committee is to be formed for the purpose of assisting the Governor of Natal in the administration of the affairs of Zululand. The Committee

is to consist of the official members of the Legislative Council, and of four elected members of the same body; but Sir HENRY HOLLAND only consents to the change "on condition that the power of the Governor to act according to his own personal judgment, and to carry out the instructions of HER MAJESTY'S Government, is not affected." In the not improbable contingency of Natal ceasing to be a Crown colony, some new arrangement will be required. There is already a precedent in South Africa for the exercise of independent authority over native communities, by the same person who is subject in a self-governing colony to the restraints of responsible Ministerial government. It is probable that the system will receive further extension to settlements which are still under discussion.

The Aborigines' Protection Society, which holds a brief for the Zulus as for other native races, has more than once complained to the Colonial Office of the exclusion of natives from the Boundary Commission and of the establishment of the QUEEN'S sovereignty without the consent of DINUZULU and his adherents. There is no reason to regret the existence of a philanthropic organization watching over the interests of the numerous native races which come into contact with English possessions. The Protection Society assumes with justice that the Imperial Government is specially bound to protect the Zulus against dangers which would never have arisen but for the ill-omened enterprise of destroying the power of CETEWAYO. At the same time it must be remembered that the seizure by Boer adventurers of East Zululand was caused by the Zulu chiefs themselves. When the power of the appointed chiefs was destroyed on the ill-judged restoration of CETEWAYO, the Imperial Government made an exception in favour of USIBEPU, who was the most distant, the most powerful, and the most loyal of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S nominees. DINUZULU and UMYAMANA refused after the death of CETEWAYO to recognize the title of USIBEPU, and, finding themselves no match for their adversary in the field, they solicited the aid of the Boer intruders who were already pushing their encroachments into Zululand. The result was the same which has again and again been repeated in history before and after the invitations which were addressed by VORTIGERN to the Saxons and by Count JULIAN to the Moors. The auxiliary, having fulfilled his undertaking by defeating an alleged wrongdoer, has conquered the country and afterwards kept his acquisition for himself. The Commissioners who beaconsed out the new frontier between the Republic and the province of Eastern Zululand, traversed the battle-field where USIBEPU had been defeated by DINUZULU and his formidable allies. If the English Commissioners had been in want of a text to preach the expediency of submitting to English rule, they might have found ample illustrations of their doctrine in the relics of a suicidal war.

One grievance of which the Aborigines' Protection Society complains on behalf of its clients will probably not admit of redress. A district which is included in the territory of the new Republic is said to contain the graves of some early chiefs of the Zulus before the time of PANDA. It is scarcely probable that the Boers will consent to restore the territory, except perhaps for valuable consideration. The English Boundary Commissioners furnish statements which tend to extenuate the shock supposed to have been inflicted on the feelings of pious Zulus. They assert that the buried chiefs were only headmen of a petty tribe which afterwards conferred its name on the well-known and powerful confederacy. The graves therefore correspond to the burial-places of NUMA or of ANCUS, long before the epoch of the Imperial greatness of Rome. The Zulus will probably find that they must be satisfied with the result of extemporaneous antiquarian researches. Whether or not they are dissatisfied, a great service has been conferred on the Zulu nation by the recovery for their benefit of East Zululand from the new Boer Republic. It is not improbable that the settlement which has been effected may be the commencement of an era of peace and prosperity.

ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.

WHEN a park was planted with elms, say, a couple of centuries ago, it is often observed now that all the trees show signs of decay together, and the ruin of one is the signal for the ruin of all. It would almost seem as if a similar law prevailed in architecture. The wreckers who destroyed St. Antholin, Watling Street, and so many other

City churches, have paused for a moment in their attacks on WREN, and have fallen foul of GIBBS instead. We recently noticed the unlucky proposals of an architect for the alteration of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—GIBBS's chief building. Mr. BUTTERFIELD, who, odd to say, has, we believe, over-refined himself from a real admiration of GIBBS into his present untenable position, has probably never seen GIBBS's own volume of published designs (published in 1728), or he could not write as he has done to the *Times*; and he has himself, probably, no great acquaintance with the style in which GIBBS worked, or he would see that to shorten the portico would be to deprive the church of its one proportional feature; the feature, in fact, which redeems the whole church. If the portico is shortened the proportions of the church are wholly altered. Even a few inches will make a serious difference; since it is to the unusual depth—twenty-four feet—of the portico that we must attribute the effect of the whole church, which is thus in length as nearly as possible double the width. GIBBS did not design in the haphazard fashion recently common; but, though especially in this respect greatly inferior to his master, he was as careful of his proportions as modern architects are careless. True, he could not have designed anything equal to the spire of St. Antholin's, or the little dome of the College of Physicians, or even, perhaps, Temple Bar, to mention three of WREN's buildings which have disappeared; but in St. Martin's, as we know, he took immense pains to obtain his effect, and if any one will go to the trouble of looking into his book it will be seen that not one but half a dozen elaborate and minute drawings were made before he was satisfied with St. Mary-le-Strand.

This is the building now threatened. It is one of the most conspicuous churches, although one of the smallest, in London. It is older than St. Martin's by some seven years, and shows more of the influence of the early architects in this style, INIGO JONES and WREN. The proportions are very delicate, but the building shares with Whitehall Chapel the fault of showing two stories externally and only one within. This is not the only resemblance between the two; but the exquisite semicircular portico closely resembles one of those with which WREN at St. Paul's terminated his transepts. Like some of WREN's designs, too, St. Mary's is essentially Gothic, except in its details. The buttresses are pillars and pilasters, and the little vases on the top, each most carefully drawn and carved expressly for its place, are like the pinnacles which at once finish and strengthen a Gothic buttress. To take them down is, therefore, a crime, and something more. If the church walls incline towards Somerset House or Drury Lane, before long it will be found that the removal of the vases was the chief cause of their fall. A proposal to remove the whole church and not the vases only has of course been made. In this case we are told that it should be rebuilt exactly as it is. The clever person who makes this proposal is apparently unacquainted with the fact that the church was designed to stand where it does and nowhere else—namely, in the middle of a crowded street; and that in any other situation likely to be found for it so tall and narrow a building will be out of place. There was a time when we should not have advocated the removal of one side of Holywell Street, or of any of the other old houses on the north side of the Strand; but now that so many of them have been rebuilt in a poor style we should not suffer by the loss; and unquestionably St. Mary's dividing the traffic along the Strand would be anything but an eyesore—would, in fact, be the right building in the right place. This, of course, is what should have been done at Temple Bar; and it is what the French have done in two or three instances in Paris. GIBBS's designs are not so common that we can willingly spare even one; and, though his original ideas as to St. Mary's were never carried out, it is very superior in many ways to his Chapel in Vere Street, and even, except for size, to St. Martin's. A little-known work of his at Whitechurch, near Edgware, shows him in his happiest mood, but the exterior is plain; and, though he designed Sudbrook, near Richmond, the Senate House at Cambridge, and a considerable part of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the loss of St. Mary's would deprive us of just a fourth of all his church work. It is much to be hoped that the authorities will be better advised than to meddle with it; for if anything in art is certain it is that, though we may pull down and destroy JONES's and WREN's and GIBBS's buildings as much as we please, we have no architects now in practice capable of putting equally good Palladian designs into their place.

GUNNERS OR WAGGONERS?

IN April last one of our highest military officials publicly stated: "I can say with confidence that should any untoward event happen to us as a nation this year—and certainly the horizon is very dark in some quarters just now—we shall be able to do what we have organised up to, and place in the field those two complete army corps and a division of cavalry. We are determined to carry out this work within the limits of the present estimates, and without entailing any additional expense or outlay upon the people. I feel convinced we shall be able to carry out this programme." These were brave words, and were not spoken a day too soon. The country, already made anxious by the extraordinary army reforms which it saw going on, was full of suppressed indignation at the apparent indifference of its responsible officials. Pacified for a time by such attractive promises, the general public seemed inclined to give a further time of grace, in which such large conceptions might be solidified into facts. They did not stop to count the cost at which it was proposed to effect this. They were told that it was not to cost them any more money, and they did not inquire whether anything more valuable than money was to be sacrificed. It was reserved for the professional members of the House to extract bit by bit from reluctant officials the information by which alone a true estimate of the whole situation could be obtained. The War Minister had hardly given to the world his emphatic opinion that this country was sadly deficient in field artillery when it was shown that the very changes by which he proposed to remedy this defect involved a further reduction of twenty guns of the very kind which he declared were most necessary. The consternation caused by this amongst those who realized its import was still fresh when, as if in mockery, it was announced that "a really mobile artillery was sorely needed by the Reserves." Sorely needed it appears destined to remain, as inquiries soon elicited the fact that absolutely no provision had been made for it in the official plans. And it is not pleasant for any one of the 200,000 men who make up the Reserve to face the fact that they may be called upon to take the field unsupported by a single field-gun. Is it surprising that people are confused and disheartened by such contradictions? What Minister could long retain our confidence with words and facts so lamentably at variance.

What must be the result on the public mind when it is generally realized that, on the outbreak of war, Mr. STANHOPE proposes to convert a large portion of our already scanty field artillery into ammunition columns? He says we need more, but he deliberately takes away even what we have. And what does it mean? Simply that, after spending large sums and long years in training men and horses into artillery, of which we require every gun we can muster, we are to turn them into military carriers at the very moment when they might be of the highest service in their original form, and are to throw away their special experience, which is at such a moment priceless, merely to create a department which could be as well constructed out of material infinitely less costly. This is not economy. This is not reconstruction. It is rather like the crass ignorance which would break up statues to fill gaps in a stone fence. It is not nearly so reasonable as turning a large portion of staff officers into company officers at the beginning of hostilities. We wonder whether the highly-trained and gifted officer who is really responsible for it would be flattered if he were told that his great abilities would be more usefully employed in carrying even such an honourable burden as the colours.

We do not know whether the list of surprises is exhausted. Fresh reforms may be under consideration, but they can hardly eclipse the evil notoriety of those already promulgated. Judging, however, by the destruction of the horse artillery batteries, which is now a matter of past history, they will all be carried to completion, good or bad as they may be, by the Minister who is so prodigal of his responsibility. We saw that the strongest opposition of the press and public, as well as of the leading military authorities, culminating in Lord NAPIER's statement that it was "wasteful and dangerous," failed to check his destroying course in this most crucial instance. The confident promise referred to at the beginning of this article might have led us to hope for better things. Unfortunately experience goes to show that such hope would be Utopian.

SOFIA AND HERAT.

THE absence of news respecting the fugitive AYOUB is quite sufficiently accounted for by the report that the escaped Afghans providently cut the telegraph wires to Meshed—wires which on a memorable occasion escaped the notice of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Considering the distance from Teheran to the frontier, it should be impossible for AYOUB to effect his escape to Russian territory (considerably enlarged though Russian territory is since his defeat at Candahar) except with Persian connivance. Unluckily there are but few persons connected with the subject who would care to assert that Persia is unlikely to connive. The moment, some ten years ago, when British influence might have been made practically supreme at Teheran was lost; and, though there is not known to be any ill will between the SHAH and the English, there is known to be very considerable fear between the SHAH and Russia. If, therefore, the Russians have any serious desire of adding AYOUB to their already rather rich and very curious collection of anti-English pretenders they have a good chance of doing so. For the moment, however, there may be no particular desire on the Russian part to play the game recommended by some irresponsible and not too well informed Russian newspapers, and advance AYOUB as a formal candidate for the throne, at least of Herat. The Russian policy in case of his escape would more likely be to refuse him direct patronage, but to wink at any independent efforts on his part to avail himself of the present disturbances in Afghanistan. There seems to be little doubt that the AMEER, like all Afghan princes without exception who have reigned for a little time, has become unpopular, and the Afghans are still in the stage when the personal merits of a new candidate are less thought of than the fact that he is, if only for the moment, new. It is, therefore, not improbable that AYOUB might make some head in his old principality, and it is impossible to deny that his doing so might lead to much awkwardness, especially in view of the recent extension of Russian dominions towards Herat. On the one hand, no independent, or nominally independent, prince would be permitted by Russia to rule there unless he were practically her deputy; and, on the other hand, even the fiercest opponents of a "march to Herat" by England might be staggered at the notion of a Russian deputy controlling the whole country from Zulfikar to the banks of the Helmund. In other words, any fresh dismemberment of Afghanistan in this sense would bring the old question of Candahar very much to the fore again. It is fortunate that during the last few years pains have been taken, and are being taken, to make all the passes and routes from India into Afghanistan promptly accessible from the Indian side. On mere private war in the country beyond the Suliman range we can afford to look with equanimity; not so on the formation within Afghan borders of what would be in effect a vassal State dependent upon Russia.

The other focus of Russian intrigue is in a much more curious condition. There is almost always something new from that quarter, and Africa itself in its best days can never have provided novelties odder of their kind than some of these *cosas de Bulgaria*. The proposed mission of General ERNROTH would be the most curious of these if the reported intention of Prince FERDINAND to take a circular tour among the European Courts were not even odder. It is true that in both cases there is a kind of precedent, but in each the precedent is so exceedingly discouraging that it heightens the curiosity. There is no conceivable reason why a Russian general should go (except at the head of an army) to Bulgaria any more than a French general or an English general, or an officer in the full uniform of the Republic of Hayti with the decorations of the Order of Marmalade. But even if there were, the omens of the last proceeding of the kind surely forbid its repetition. General ERNROTH must be a very stark man indeed if the eidolon of an eminent brother officer, KAULBARS by name, does not haunt his path and his bed in Bulgaria. That any such mission should be even thought of by Russia is only explicable on the principles of political homeopathy. It was General KAULBARS who finally put an end to the Russian party in Bulgaria, except in so far as a party can be composed of mere hired conspirators; it was General KAULBARS who converted the previous aspirations of the Bulgarians for some arrangement which would conciliate and keep the favour of the CZAR into aspirations for independence; and if Prince FERDINAND'S not very wise words in his well-

known speech met with any sympathy in his hearers, that sympathy was in great part due to indignation at General KAULBARS' attempt to browbeat, dragoon, and hector the Bulgarians into submission to Russia. Even if General ERNROTH were instructed to reverse the proceedings of his predecessor, and if *ernroth* (which is, fortunately, capable of being made an adjective without any alteration except that of the capital letter) were to take its place beside *kaulbarsch* in the German political dictionary, it is very improbable that any good could be done. Besides, the circumstances are now totally different. Prince ALEXANDER'S undignified prostration at the feet of the CZAR, his laying (quite *ultra vires*) his coronet at the feet of his offended namesake, and his subsequent abdication almost at the CZAR'S bidding, gave a certain excuse, or at least pretext, for the KAULBARS mission. There is no such excuse now. If, as Russia contends, Prince FERDINAND has been irregularly elected, and has taken possession still more irregularly, that is in no way more the affair of Russia than of any other of the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin, and it cannot possibly be settled by a Russian Commissioner alone. In fact, as Russia seems to have assumed the part of prosecutor, she would seem to be precluded even from acting as assessor on the bench, much more from being sole judge. The pusillanimity, or if any one prefers politer words, the longanimity, of Europe in this Bulgarian matter has, indeed, been so great that no new example of it would be altogether surprising. But even in that case any success in the Russian sense from General ERNROTH'S mission would be very surprising indeed.

But for real *tolles Zeug* (as the Germans would say) the suggested tour of Prince FERDINAND may be said to surpass any other suggestion in the matter. If, indeed, the PRINCE has found his position untenable or uncomfortable, and wants to find a decent pretext for getting out of it, this might do as well as another. But, especially with the results of the tour of the Bulgarian delegates before him, he can hardly hope to do any good by such a journey, while he must certainly expose himself to some, and may not improbably expose himself to many, disagreeable and humiliating rebuffs. It is also by no means improbable that in his absence the party unfavourable to him, though not favourable to Russia, would grow strong enough to attempt something not to his advantage. The rumours of a secret understanding between himself and the CZAR, which were started in consequence of his delay in taking the step which he finally took, have, it seems, not died out, despite the threats and protests of the Russians which are held to be blinds, and any attempt of his to repeat Prince ALEXANDER'S mistake by going cap in hand to the CZAR would, of course, revive them in full strength. It is, indeed, clear that before going to Sofia the PRINCE must, if he has any political understanding, have seen that he was going to remain till he was forcibly turned out. His business, having gone, is clearly to stay where he is, to observe all formalities to his suzerain and to the Powers punctually, though not servilely, to endeavour to rally to himself all that is best in the country, and to use his utmost efforts to preserve internal tranquillity, to improve the administration, and to maintain without threatening or quarrelling with his neighbours the loyalty, efficiency, and discipline of the army. He will not overcome the enmity of Russia or stir up the negative good will of the other Powers into positive good will by packing his carpet-bag for a little autumn tour, and it is exceedingly probable that if he so packs it he may pack it for good.

THE TRADE OF SOUTHERN CHINA.

THE letter to the *Times* in which Mr. COLQUHOUN insists on the need of immediate action on our part to meet the rivalry of the French in Southern China contains nothing to make it look less likely that the treaty drawn up by M. CONSTANS and the Pekin Mandarins will turn out to be capable of doing us very little damage unless it is greatly helped by our own mismanagement. Mr. COLQUHOUN'S unrivalled knowledge of the country enables him to point out the existence of serious obstacles to navigation on the Canton River, but he shows at the same time how they can be avoided. As he states the case, the opening of Nan-ning as a treaty port would not be enough. There must be a railway from this town to Pakhoi, on the Gulf of Tonquin; and Wuchau, a town on the Canton River, must also be secured as a treaty port. From this it

appears that more will need to be done to counterbalance the four inland treaty ports (inland treaty port is a somewhat Irish phrase, which seems likely to become current), and the considerable reduction in Customs dues granted to the French, than was at first supposed. But, though more must be done, it ought not to be difficult to do, if, as there seems to be good reason to believe, the Chinese Government has at last resolved to give up its policy of exclusion modified by grudging concessions. If the Tsung-li-Yamen will allow foreigners to trade on favourable terms to Nan-ning, it will probably have no insuperable objection to allowing them the same liberty in Wuchau. As for the railway, it will certainly be an innovation; but China has apparently made up its mind to tolerate innovations good humouredly. Whether or no there is a "great regenerative agency," as Mr. COLQUHOUN calls it, at work in China—which is, we take it, his way of saying that the Chinese have at last made up their minds to imitate the Japanese, and take up Western civilization in the lump—may be a doubtful question. It is eminently likely, however, that the Tsung-li-Yamen has come to understand that the game of exclusion, pure and simple, is up. Whatever the members of that great Council of the Empire may want for, they do not want for intelligence. They would unquestionably have much preferred to have no French in Tonquin. They tried fairly well to keep these troublesome people out. Now that the intrusion has taken place they must see how much better it is for them to have another foreigner at hand to counterbalance the intruder. The Marquess TSENG has undoubtedly learnt many things in Europe, and among them he can hardly have failed to perceive how useful the Sultans have found it to be able to play off one Christian Power against another. China is very far from being in the prostrate condition of Turkey; but that only makes it all the safer for her to use the balance of power. She can well afford to employ concessions to other Powers as a counterweight to concessions to France. The other Powers will have themselves to blame if they do not profit by the situation.

The time is probably still far off when trade with China will be as conveniently carried on as it can be with even Russia. The Devil's advocate might even point out that as yet the trade with Yunnan itself is a little in the clouds. France is talking about making railways, and so are the English in Burmah, but as yet neither party has settled the routes of its lines, and until they do, and the rolling stock is actually running, the overland trade cannot so much as begin to exist. When everything is ready, it remains to be proved that Yunnan will be as good a market as it is said to be. But it may safely be taken for granted that a large population of Chinese will sooner or later be found worth dealing with. It is, unluckily, equally certain that, however enlightened the Tsung-li-Yamen may become, it will not fall in love with the presence of foreigners in a day. The text of the arrangement made between the English and the Chinese Governments as to their respective positions in Burmah and Thibet show that they do not, at Peking, want to have any more disturbing foreigners in the Empire than they can help. England has had to promise not to push missions into Thibet, and further not to worry the Tsung-li-Yamen if it cannot persuade the Thibetans to trade quietly. The stipulation as to Burmah, which created a highly foolish fuss when it was first heard of, is equally characteristic of the Chinese. According to a clause in the treaty which reflects great credit on the ingenuity of Mr. O'CONOR, and Prince CH'ING, the highest authority in that country is to allow certain natives to bring complimentary presents to the brother of the Sun and Moon once every ten years. Who the highest authority is we are not told; but there is a further clause to the effect that the English are to do just whatever they please in Burmah, and so China gets the form and we get the substance, and both are satisfied. Traders have other things to fear in China than the dislike of the supreme Government. As Mr. COLQUHOUN shows, the local revenue officer is a very serious enemy, and the instance he cites is a little masterpiece of Chinese ingenuity. Foreign trade is exempted from local customs, and pays only a small Imperial tax. This is naturally disagreeable to the provincial Treasury, as, so being unable to get as much likin as it would like, it invents a beautiful thing called a tzo-ku. This is a tax on native purchasers of foreign imports. It is not a tax on foreigners, as everybody must see. They only pay the treaty impost, and can import and sell wherever they can find purchasers who have not the fear of tzo-ku before their eyes. This is ingenious, and in all respects worthy of the protector of native industry; but the foreign trader finds

it very necessary to get rid of it. If he cannot, treaty ports will not avail him much. Foreign diplomatists will find it possible to get the grievance removed if the Chinese Government is really anxious to encourage trade. If it is not, the only consolation is to remember that tzo-ku will be levied on those who buy French imports as well as on Chinamen who purchase from the English.

JUBILATING AT LAST.

IT was no very daring conjecture on Mr. GLADSTONE'S part that the "treat" which he gave the other day to the aged parishioners of Hawarden was perhaps one of the "closing operations" connected with the Jubilee. Considering that more than two calendar months had passed since Thanksgiving Day when the brilliant idea of this "operation"—we may be allowed to suppose that that extremely appropriate word has been borrowed from the Stock Exchange—occurred to its originator, it would not surprise us if his prognostic were correct. The fact, however, of its being among the last of the festivities held in honour of the Jubilee is not its only or its most marked peculiarity. It is also distinguished by being the absolute first of Mr. GLADSTONE'S public demonstrations of sympathy with the national rejoicing, and, indeed, the first sign he has given by word or deed of his consciousness that the Sovereign whom he has served in various official capacities for so long a period of her reign has completed her fiftieth year upon the throne. On the causes of this singular slowness of apprehension, it is not for us to speculate. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE looked forward at one time to celebrating the QUEEN'S Jubilee from a position of greater responsibility and less freedom before the year was out, or whether, despairing from the first of attaining that position, he had conceived the idea of marking his displeasure with the maladroit proceedings of History last year by refusing to recognize a festival whose glory she had so obscured, we do not pretend to say. Whichever were the motive, we are at least glad that it has ceased to operate, and that the statesman whose name will be of more frequent occurrence than any other in the political annals of the last half century will not, among his other claims upon public recollection, be remembered as more ungraciously remiss than any other of her counsellors in publicly presenting his congratulations to his QUEEN.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S review of our progress during the last fifty years has somewhat unfortunately been anticipated by him in the reply to Lord TENNYSON, which he published in one of the periodicals at the beginning of the year. On the present occasion he did not condescend to the trivialities which here and there gave a positively ludicrous air to his congratulations of his countrymen in the *Nineteenth Century*. The old people at Hawarden were not invited to rejoice over the fact that, as indeed was observed before Mr. GLADSTONE'S time, "damns have had their day," or to plume themselves upon the achievement of having fixed the soldier with liability for the maintenance of his illegitimate children. "Our glorious gains," enumerated by him, were of a more solid description, and indeed were of a reality, and in some respects of a value which no Conservative would dispute. Yet at the same time there was that in Mr. GLADSTONE'S exultations over them of which any patriotic Liberal would have been ashamed. Any such Liberal, any such Englishman, must have felt in listening to Mr. GLADSTONE'S congratulations on our progress very much as the son of a self-made man would feel—if he were a good son and good fellow—at hearing some coarse flatterer praise the cultivation and refinement in which he has so far outstripped his humbler parent, but which, had it not been for that parent's energy and self-denial and foreseeing care for his children, he knows well that he never could have attained. It is precisely in this strain of coarse flattery that Mr. GLADSTONE approaches, and indeed in all his deliverances on "progress," always has approached, his countrymen; it is to this spirit of vulgar and unfilial arrogance that he systematically appeals. To praise famous men and our fathers that begat us is the last invitation which he would think of addressing to an English audience; he invites them rather to praise their noble selves and uncover the nakedness of their fathers. He appears to think that the mere contemplation of our immensely increased wealth and enhanced comfort and diffused progress and generally developed civilization ought to make us look back upon our

poor, uncomfortable, benighted, semi-barbarous forefathers with no tenderer feeling than one of contemptuous pity for men whose bread was very dear, and who sent to the hangman many luckless wretches who might well have been spared, instead of gushing and maundering over many a villain who had better have been hanged. Perhaps the most typical illustration of the spirit in which Mr. GLADSTONE surveys his country's past is to be found in his graceful reference to the Jubilee of the QUEEN's grandfather as a jubilee in no national sense at all, and in his equally magnanimous explanation thereof, "It was a jubilee of great folks; it was a jubilee of corporations and of authorities; it was a jubilee of the upper classes, and there was a certain but very limited amount of popular manifestation." The reason why the celebration was confined to the classes and did not, or did only in a limited way, extend to the masses, was because, "my friends, it was hardly a time for the jubilee." "It was a time when, owing to a long war, the people were in a condition in which it was much harder than it is now to keep body and soul together." And then Mr. GLADSTONE went on to the familiar story of the price of corn, the price of potatoes, the rate of wages, and all the rest of the "shocking and frightful" account of the condition natural to the English people at a time when Mr. GLADSTONE was too young to redeem them. It is all very true; but we should imagine that there is no other eminent Englishman, living or dead—not even Mr. Fox himself—who could have referred to the condition of the English people in these closing years of a "long war" without one single word of recognition for the heroism of that generation who "in fighting our battles were so marred." In Mr. GLADSTONE's apparent view the only feeling with which the Englishman of to-day should look back upon that period is one of thankfulness that bread is cheaper. It usually is so in a garrison which has succeeded in beating off its besiegers. But an Irish Protestant would hardly, perhaps, regard it as an adequate criticism of one of the most famous sieges of history to be reminded that it is much more comfortable living in Londonderry in 1887 than it was in 1689. Within quite a recent period there has been the same sort of difference, in favour of the former residence, between Hawarden Castle and the citadel of Khartoum. Yet there are some of us who would rather change places with the occupant of the latter place than with the owner of the former.

The habit now grown inveterate with Mr. GLADSTONE of treating the present as though it were, not an outgrowth, but a reversal of the past, is one among the many proofs of his now completed political demoralization. It is more significant than any other of his demagogue tricks, and much more so than the same habit would be if exhibited by one of his ordinary Radical followers. For in Mr. GLADSTONE's case this pretended, or forced, detestation of the past is, in the fullest sense of the phrase, a sin against light and knowledge. Unlike the tagrag and bobtail of revolutionists who shout at his heels, he is a man of considerable culture and, in a certain inexact discursive sense, of learning. He is too apt, it is true, to defer the careful and accurate study of English institutions until he has made up his mind to destroy them; but he must have, we imagine, a wide general knowledge even of those periods of our history and those arrangements of our polity which he has not yet carefully and accurately studied, and this alone is sufficient to distinguish him from the noisier and more prominent of his supporters. Moreover, he has made, for our sins, a good deal of our history himself; and such an experience must, in spite of himself, or at any rate in the absence of any direct appeal to his ambition, have increased his breadth of outlook. In short, it is a downright impossibility that Mr. GLADSTONE can be really in sympathy with that illiterate parochial Radicalism which has just imagination enough to understand a column of statistics and just enough political information to imagine that modern English history began with the Reform Bill of 1832. The perception of historical continuity cannot conceivably be so wanting to him as it is to them. Yet the most ignorant and blatant among them does not give one a stronger impression of its absence than Mr. GLADSTONE—scholar, statesman, legislator, and administrator of half-a-century's experience—contrives to produce. The fact that he, with all the qualities that go to make the Girondist, can thus play the Jacobin to the life, and find half a nation ready to receive the performance with enthusiasm, is a phenomenon which he has not taken into account in his view of our fifty years of progress. Whether he considers it to be among "our glorious gains"

or not, we cannot say. For our own part, we find in it a most wholesome rebuke to the "pride of progress," and have always been able to learn a lesson in humility from its contemplation.

COAST DEFENCES.

IF saying over again what has been said before, and proving once more what has been repeatedly proved, are sins, as some moralists have been inclined to believe, then Lord CARNARVON is a great offender, and so are some others. In a letter to the papers of last Tuesday Lord CARNARVON repeated what has been frequently said, and proved what has been as completely demonstrated as the rotundity of the earth, fifty times already. His subject was our coast defences, and he announced the following truths—that we have none at very important points at home and abroad, that where we have works we have commonly no guns, that where we have guns they are usually too small and old-fashioned, that this is a monstrous folly and an exceedingly dangerous. Every one of these propositions is probably true. None of them have ever been denied except by persons of the intellectual calibre of such as assert that the earth is flat. Yet they secure astonishingly little attention, and the scandal which has been exposed before is in as great need as ever of exposure. This case is decidedly a strong one against the moralist; for it is clear that nothing except pegging away will avail to make Englishmen understand what an astounding compost of stupidity and waste are many of the so-called defences of this country. A great disaster might do it, no doubt; but then this is precisely what Lord CARNARVON and others who think with him wish to avoid. He is, therefore, very well employed in repeating the old story. It is not necessary to be able to agree with all he says in order to approve heartily of his main position. Lord CARNARVON makes a reference to what the late operations in the Channel proved, and this reference is open to a good deal of criticism. He also speaks of the "so-called defence of some old 38-ton guns" at Liverpool, from which it appears that he has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that because a weapon of war is not equal to the latest and most improved model it is therefore useless. The "old 38-ton gun" is not so very old, and is perfectly capable of keeping anything at a distance except the very strongest class of ironclads, of which there is a very limited number, and of damaging even them. If all our ports had the so-called defence of old 38-ton guns their state would be incomparably better than it is. But these are matters of detail, and differences about them do not affect Lord CARNARVON's main argument, any more than it is affected by Mr. STANHOPE's Sheffield answer to it. He says that our attackable places on the coast and our coaling-stations abroad ought to be put in a condition to defend themselves, and that in many cases they are not in that condition. To this no answer has been or can be made. It is equally true and disgraceful.

That a fortified port which requires the support of a force outside its walls to keep it from instant capture is worse than useless is denied by nobody of the least competence. It not only may fall into the hands of the enemy, but it paralyses a part of the fleet or army on its own side. Yet this is precisely the position of many of our so-called fortified ports. At home many places which could not possibly be left at the mercy of an enemy have no defences at all. Abroad the fortifications of some coaling-stations are unfinished; others, though finished, are unarmed. Now this state of things would not necessarily mean that we should be beaten all along the line at once. It is absurd enough to make it the text for imitations of the *Battle of Dorking*, wherein we are told how the enemy went flying about, sinking, burning, and destroying, while the British fleet was a-riding at anchor, under Admiral NOODLE, K.C.B., in a distant and secluded bay. But what it certainly would mean would be that the Government and the officers in command of fleets and armies would be continually hampered in war by the necessity for detailing ships or men to stay and protect places which should have been trustworthy bases of operations. In other words, we must have a double allowance of fleets and armies (how likely we are to get them let the candid reader judge) if we are to attack as well as to defend; or else we must be content to see all offensive operations half crippled. The responsibility for this state of things rests, of course, on "the system"—namely, the system of playing

at managing the fighting forces of the country, and also of subordinating everything to the political skittle-match of the day. It is not so long ago, and in times when we enjoyed a Liberal Ministry, that a Secretary of State for War (we hope our memory deceives us, but we are afraid it was Lord HARTINGTON) blandly remarked that it was impossible to begin fortifying the coast, because it would not do to show a preference for one place over another. It would hurt the feelings of the places which were not fortified, and Ballantrae or Ravensglass might show at the next general election what they thought of spending public money at Dundee or Newcastle. So nothing was fortified at all, which was a clear and logical situation. To say over again something which has also been said before, it is this political and civilian direction which is the main cause of all our bad naval and military administration. Lord CARNARVON speaks, and truly enough, of the feeble, confused, and contradictory Committees which sit trying to decide on our weapons, and leaving us in the meantime without a gun to put on such fortifications as we have. If there were a determination at head-quarters to have the work properly done, these Committees would soon come to a decision or give place to others more energetic, and then we should not hear of walls standing without a gun on them for years, while the War Office was making its mind up what gun to adopt.

Mr. FORWOOD's after-dinner speech at the Liverpool Town Hall—somewhat briefly reported—appears to be excellently timed to serve as a pendant to Lord CARNARVON's letter. Considering the time and place, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty seems to have made a speech of very respectable solidity; and he did not praise his Board to anything deserving to be called an outrageous extent. Mr. FORWOOD might have been a trifle more complete in some of his statements; as when, for instance, he mentioned with pride the fact that "no Government until the present had dared to face the political difficulties attending upon a disturbance of dock-yard serenity." To this Mr. FORWOOD ought, in order to be quite exact, to have added the further information that the present Government has not forgotten the fact that the private yards are strongly represented in Parliament, and has given out work which their own yards could very well have done. But it is no good giving politicians counsels of perfection, or asking for an austere sobriety of statement from after-dinner orators. For the rest there was matter enough in Mr. FORWOOD's speech to make it valuable as a commentary to Lord CARNARVON's letter, if it has no other value. Lord CARNARVON says that our coast defences are as good as non-existent—which, of course, includes this other assertion, unexpressed by him—namely, that in war we should be compelled to rely for defence wholly on the fleet. But Mr. FORWOOD has to confess that, as the result of his experience at the Admiralty, he is in some very considerable doubt as to the value of many of our ships. There are the everlasting quarrels between constructors for one thing, and then there is the profound ignorance of naval officers as to what the next war may be expected to be like. These are probably unavoidable; and, after all, they are evils which we suffer in common with others; still, as long as this uncertainty exists, it is peculiarly imprudent to rest satisfied with the want of proper supports for the fleet. Something which Mr. FORWOOD said elsewhere in his speech was of considerably more particular application. He described the measured mile as the bane of the service—in which opinion he is not singular—and then proceeded to explain why. Naval constructors and engineers have been trained to consider that measured mile as the course for which they have to build. If their ship did well over it, then all was well. But the measured mile is not the sea, and a vessel which has done very well over a slip of smooth water may not show to the same advantage in rough weather. Mr. FORWOOD, at least, gives his opinion that some recent breakdowns in engines had been due to "too light structures," which, again, were due to the desire of the builders to do well on the measured mile, and their comparative indifference as to whether their ships would stand wear and tear. Was Mr. FORWOOD speaking of the *Inflexible*, the *Collingwood*, the *Amphion*, the *Curlew*, and the *Rattlesnake* (a goodly list), which all more or less broke down during the manoeuvres in the Channel. If so, he has instances enough to support his case; and the number of our ships which have been trained for a short course only, as Mr. FORWOOD put it in his sporting way, must be tolerably large, for it is not to be supposed that the vessels named are the only war-ships which, having been built in

the same way, have the same defects, though they have the demerit of having been recently found out. Probably Mr. FORWOOD does not mean quite so much as that; and, indeed, as regards the *Inflexible*, he hardly can, for she, at least, has stood a good deal of work. Meanwhile, by changing and greatly increasing the severity of the trial of ships, the Admiralty gives very clear proof of its conviction that ships have been too lightly accepted hitherto. Here, again, is matter for reflection at the service of all such as reflect on the state of our national defences at all. The less ground we have for being thoroughly confident in the quality of our ships, the less reason there is for trusting to the ships only to protect the coasts and coaling-stations.

MR. HEALY AND MR. DILLON.

IT would be very desirable, it appears to us, that the SPEAKER and the CHAIRMAN of COMMITTEES should confer together on the subject of their duties as mediators of debate, and endeavour to arrive at some common rule of conduct with regard to this very important matter. We do not, of course, suggest that it would be possible for them to prepare a schedule of un-Parliamentary expressions or to lay down an exact definition of Parliamentary behaviour, but it does seem to us that some advantage might be derived from an exchange of ideas between them on the subject generally. Mr. COURTNEY's mode of presiding over Parliamentary "deliberations"—if such a name ought to be given to them—would, at any rate, it seems to us, derive benefit therefrom. The right honourable gentleman is in many respects an excellent chairman, and discharges his exhausting duties with an energy that never flags, and with a patience which, except for the reason about to be stated, would be justly described as exemplary. It is precisely of the example which it affords, however, that we find it impossible to approve. For, whatever Mr. COURTNEY's qualifications for the Chair, and however creditably in other respects he fills it, it is perfectly obvious that his standard of Parliamentary propriety differs materially from that of Mr. PEEL. It is not so much that the two functionaries differ as to the definition of offences against order—though no doubt there is a certain amount of difference between them in this respect—as that in estimating the gravity of such offences they show such wide divergences of line and measure. One can hardly, for instance, conceive the SPEAKER allowing one member to describe another as a "returned convict" without an instantaneous rebuke, and only referring to the outrage some hour or more afterwards in order to deprecate the phrase mildly as "not a correct legal description" of a person who had undergone the particular experience to which Mr. HEALY no less foolishly than insolently referred in his grossly disorderly attack upon Colonel KING-HARMAN. The true way of dealing with offenders of this kind was shown on the following night by the SPEAKER, who, on Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE's first offence against Parliamentary manners, warned him that if he repeated such language he would be "named to the House." What the SPEAKER deems it advisable to do in the case of a comparatively rare offender like Mr. STANHOPE is obviously far more imperatively called for in the case of Mr. HEALY. Decency of behaviour will never be restored in the House of Commons unless the Chair adopts the invariable rule of "dropping down" upon the TANNERS and HEALYS at their very first outbreak, and warning them that naming and suspension will follow inevitably upon a second.

In coupling Mr. HEALY's name, however, at the head of this article with that of Mr. DILLON, we intend to suggest not so much a comparison as, in one important point at any rate, a contrast. The former is merely a troublesome, the latter a dangerous person. Mr. HEALY could be easily, and should be promptly, suppressed by a duly resolute enforcement of existing Parliamentary rules. Mr. DILLON is far more difficult to reach in that way, and much more imperatively needs to be reached in another. The member for North Longford, in other words, plays solely to an Irish audience, who are satisfied if a base, bloody, and brutal Saxon Government and Parliament are worried and insulted. The member for East Mayo addresses a party of action among his own countrymen, and his language is usually designed to promote disorder, not at Westminster, but in Ireland. It is consequently of much more importance that he should be resolutely dealt with outside the House of Commons than within, and we trust that to this fact the

Government are already sufficiently alive. If we could suppose them to feel any hesitation in the matter, Mr. DILLON's speech on Thursday night in moving the adjournment of the House ought alone to lend firmness to their counsels. The outrage which is committed upon mere Parliamentary proprieties when a member of a Legislature declares from his place an intention of breaking the law is grave enough in itself; but it is the effect of Mr. DILLON's language on popular feeling in Ireland which has chiefly to be considered. "The people of Clare," said Mr. DILLON, speaking of the meeting fixed after some hesitation for to-morrow near Ennis, and recently proclaimed by the Government, "will not be put down; they will hold their meeting next Sunday, whether it is proclaimed or not; and they will challenge the opinion given by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND as to its lawfulness. Those who were seeking to put down this meeting were doing a most dangerous and deadly act against the public peace in Ireland, and those who would attempt by means of their bludgeons and bayonets and buckshot in the hands of men under the command of ruffianly inspectors instructed by secret telegrams not to hesitate to 'shoot down the heads.' It is, perhaps, a waste of time to discuss Mr. DILLON's so-called "challenge" of Mr. GIBSON's opinion as to the lawfulness of the meeting. Mr. DILLON in all probability cares as little as the most ignorant of the deluded peasants whom he incites to attend the meeting, whether it is lawful or not. But any English Radical, not being, like Mr. CONYBEARE and others of his class, on self-advertisement intent, who can believe that there is anything in the pretence of the "political object" of the meeting, must be weak-minded indeed. We imagine that no meeting ever held in Ireland was represented by its promoters as other than political in its objects, but it is not by stringing together a few empty sentences about "the inalienable right of the Irish people to make their own laws," and Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE's "message of peace" (number—what?) to the Irish people, that such a pretence can be made to pass muster. Everybody knows, every man, woman, and child in Clare must be perfectly aware, that the meeting was called for the purpose of denouncing the Proclamation of the National League, and that that would be the main, if not the only, topic of the speeches which Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. DILLON, Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE, and the "other English and Irish members," whose names are not yet on the bill, were proposing to deliver. It is, however, almost an impertinence to discuss such a question in the present condition of Ireland. If the Government cannot be trusted to determine whether a meeting called by certain persons, at a certain place for certain ostensible objects, is or is not likely to be dangerous to the public peace, they are assuredly unfit to exercise the far larger discretionary powers which Parliament has conferred upon them with reference not to the prohibition of meetings but to the suppression of associations under the Crimes Act.

The Government cannot decline the audacious challenge which Mr. DILLON has flung down to them—supposing, that is to say, that the better part of valour does not resume its due proportions in his imagination before to-morrow arrives. They are bound, we say, to take up his challenge, and there is only one fitting response to it. Of course the meeting at Ennis will not be held in any real sense of the word to-morrow, whatever vapouring threats of persistence in it may have been uttered, or whatever childish expedients may be resorted to for evading the veto of the Irish Executive. But it will not suffice to vindicate authority in this fashion alone. If Mr. DILLON fulfils the intention which his language appears to indicate—if, in defiance of the proclamation, he makes his appearance at the scene of the proposed meeting to-morrow, and makes, or even only pretends to make, any attempt to hold or address it in contravention of the law, Mr. DILLON should be the first person, or one of the first persons, made to understand that the Imperial Parliament did not pass the Crimes Act for the pleasure of permitting him to treat it with contempt. He should be instantly proceeded against under the summary jurisdiction clauses of the enactment, and visited with the penalty prescribed for such incitements to disorder as that of which he will have been guilty. And if Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE, or Mr. CONYBEARE, or any other of Mr. PARNELL's English Radical tail, be desirous of sharing Mr. DILLON's martyrdom, we see not why they should be balked.

THE FISHERY COMMISSION.

THE appointment of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as one of the English representatives on the American Fishery Commission will secure for this country the services of a good man of business, who does not turn his attention to sea affairs for the first time. When that is said, all has been said that need be about his share in the work for the present. Political gossips always have a little feast when a public man of any note—of much less note than the member for West Birmingham, for that matter—takes up an occupation which will remove him for a time from England. Why he does it, and why he does it now, are all the more pleasant questions to ask, because nobody can give a conclusive answer, except the politician himself, who is generally wise enough to hold his tongue. There are reasons, and reasons, why an active politician should, at times, prefer to be honourably engaged at a distance, and perhaps this is one of them as far as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is concerned. He will assuredly find plenty to do of a profitable kind for himself and for others on the Commission; and, if this is advantageous for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, nobody need complain. The interests of our Colonial fishermen are likely to profit by the help of an English politician whose rank and name are well known in America; and, be it said without the slightest intention of being offensive to our cousins of the States, diplomatic dealings with them are not likely to prove the less acceptable here because they are conducted by a gentleman who has a tough faculty for getting all the credit he can out of whatever he undertakes.

It will require no small display both of firmness and dexterity to bring the American fishery dispute to a friendly termination without discreditable concessions on the part of England. A long experience, dating from or even before the Oregon boundary dispute, and ending for a time with the *Alabama* arbitration, has taught the Americans that a pertinacious determination to have your way or quarrel, and a certain elasticity of scruple, are useful things in dealing with a Power which is averse from fighting. In the present case there is an excellent opportunity for profiting by them. It is not said whether the Alaska quarrel is to be included in the matter to be examined by the Commission. It is to be hoped it will, for nothing can be better adapted to illustrate the Canadian side of the dispute. In the Atlantic the position of the United States is exceedingly simple. The Americans chose a few years ago to allow a treaty arrangement which was working very well to lapse, and to revert to an earlier state of things much less favourable to themselves. Having done so, they insisted on reading into the old treaty the stipulations of the later document. With that command of fine language which they perhaps acquired, with other useful help, from their allies the French, the Americans insist that the treaty must be interpreted in a generous and friendly spirit. In mere dull English this means that it must be interpreted in a non-natural sense for the benefit of their fishermen. What they do not find there either *totidem verbis*, or *totidem syllabis*, or *tertio modo*, which is *totidem litteris*, they will show can be clearly deducible or *multa absurda sequerentur*. The treaty says that American fishermen are only to touch at Canadian ports for certain very definite purposes. This, says my Lord PETER at Washington, must mean that they have the right to buy whatever they want to continue their fishery with, or else the *multa absurda* aforesaid will follow. This being the American attitude, it is eminently useful for England to be represented on the Commission by delegates of proved toughness and dexterity. It will also be an excellent thing for them to have the Alaska quarrel to refer to as illustrating what the American practice is when there is an opportunity for showing how a treaty may be generously interpreted by a great nation. In that region the Federal Government has leased the right of fishing for seals on the coast to a Company. On the strength of this, it proceeds to seize every fishing vessel it finds on the length and breadth of Behring Straits. No longer ago than last year American revenue boats seized schooners from British Columbia in an utterly illegal manner, and they were released honourably by the Federal Government. Since that the Canadian dispute has come up, and it has become necessary to convince New England that it has an energetic Government, and to charm the great Irish vote. Hence all this energy—or it looks very like it at least. The Americans are thoroughly entitled to pursue what they believe to be their interest, no doubt; but then so are other people; and

it will be very instructive for the Commission to compare their conduct when they command the coast and when they wish to fish on another coast. In the first case they establish a monopoly and defend it by the most stringent measures. Further, they raise claims advanced by the former owners of Alaska and then resisted by themselves. In the second case they ask for a generous interpretation of treaties, and think it quite a matter of course that the interests of other peoples should make way at the first American demand. This view is, of course, as old as human nature, though it may be doubted whether the diplomatists of the Old World ever displayed it quite so nakedly. There may be no reason for getting morally indignant about it; but there is very good reason for resisting its application in practice firmly and dexterously, and not the less because the American line is almost avowedly adopted largely to please the assistants of our own would-be rebels who happen to possess votes in the United States.

ARMY RETIREMENT.

THE threatened loss of General HAMLEY's services has drawn a good deal of attention to the system of retirement prevailing in the army, and it is likely to have a good deal more effect in that direction. It is—to refer to no other considerations for the present—a more striking because nearer instance of the stupid mechanical working of a rule than the retirement of General PRENDERGAST in the midst of the operations in Burmah. This was indeed a remarkable example of our management and suggests speculations. If a general can be removed in the middle of a campaign, why not in the middle of a battle? May we expect to hear some day that at half-past twelve, just when the enemy was developing a formidable attack on the left wing, the Commander-in-Chief's time was up, and he retired from the field, where his place was taken by General Sir A—B—who had that moment arrived from England? Probably we may; for our War Office is very thorough. But to return to General HAMLEY's case, which is a typical and not a solitary one. Is there absolutely nothing the War Office can find for him to do between this and next October? We incline to think that we could name several fit employments. There is the defence of London, for instance. Promises have been made that a scheme should be drawn up, and they have hitherto gone the way of other pieces of War Office pie-crust. Here is a possible employment for General HAMLEY. To this suggestion, which has been already made elsewhere, we can add others. The Militia is in far from an absolutely satisfactory state, and could bear a little examination with profit. Then we do not learn that anything has as yet been done to fix that standard of stores and numbers which, according to Lord WOLSELEY, the army ought to have to work up to, but has not got. There is no doubt that this ought to be provided, and surely General HAMLEY might be employed with others, if need be, in supplying it. Either in one of these ways, or in some alternative manner, his services ought to be used. It is monstrous that any system of retirement should be so twisted from its avowed purpose as to deprive the country and the army of the services of an officer of conspicuous ability while he is still young, as youth goes among the holders of great commands in these times.

INDIAN FINANCE.

THE Explanatory Memorandum on the East India Accounts and Estimates, 1887-8, drawn up by the Under-Secretary of State, and presented to Parliament with a view to facilitate the discussion of the Indian Budget, goes a long way towards rendering that discussion altogether superfluous. The annual so-called debate on the Indian Budget has for years past—with the single brilliant exception of the occasion on which Lord Randolph Churchill converted it into a party attack on the policy of a recently retired Viceroy—exhibited none of the characteristics of a Parliamentary discussion. This is easily explained. It is essential to a discussion that there should be something to discuss; and the arrangements of the Indian Budget, after forming the topic of prolonged correspondence between the Secretary of State

and the Indian Government during the winter months, are publicly announced in the month of March, and have, accordingly, been for more than half the official year in operation before they are explained to the House of Commons by the Secretary of State. It is difficult for human energy to arm itself for wordy warfare about the balance-sheets of former years or a financial policy which has almost become historical before it comes under the cognizance of Parliament. It is, moreover, essential to animated controversy that the subject should be one about which large numbers of people feel a keen interest and have considerable knowledge. But the general ignorance as to the finances of India is probably only exceeded by the profound indifference with which the subject is regarded. The function of the Secretary of State for India in his Budget speech has accordingly been confined, for the most part, to explaining, with all the lucidity of which the occasion admits, to an extremely limited and somewhat apathetic audience the general financial position of the Indian Government, as exhibited in the accounts of the two preceding years and the estimates for the current year, and to giving some authentic information as to the development of railways and canals and the other industrial undertakings summarized in Indian Blue-books as "the moral and material progress" of our great Eastern dependency. The task is not as simple as it might be expected to be, for several reasons. In the first place the Indian Government has on hand various enormous undertakings of a remunerative order—notably railways, telegraphs, forests and canals—which do not usually fall within the scope of an official administration, and the capital expenditure on these is apt to get confused with the ordinary State expenditure. In the next place, the Government of India, besides its own direct expenditure, acts as banker for all the local Governments, each of which to a large extent administers its own finances, and is responsible for the due maintenance of its provincial departments. The Imperial accounts have accordingly to be exhibited in such a manner as to show both the direct income and expenditure of the supreme Government, the position of each provincial Government in reference to the Government of India at the close of the year, and the combined result of all the accounts with reference to the financial equilibrium which British India, as a whole, is bound to maintain. It is hardly a matter of surprise that a statement complicated with so many different considerations should be hard reading to those who approach it with an untutored eye and an imperfect understanding of the wide and intricate questions which it purports to explain.

The Memorandum recently submitted to Parliament sets out the main features of the Indian financial position with satisfactory distinctness. It deals with the final accounts of the year 1885, the accounts, almost complete, but not finally revised, of the year 1886, and the estimates for 1887. As an experiment, the system has been adopted of denoting the Indian pound of ten Rs. by the symbol Rx, instead of, as heretofore, by £ as if it were a pound sterling. In the days when the rupee was nearly equivalent to two shillings, the plan of denoting ten rupees in the accounts as £1 was adopted with a view to rendering the statement more intelligible to English eyes, and it then involved no serious inaccuracy. A million rupees appear in the accounts as 100,000£, and the difference between the real value of a million rupees and 100,000£ is shown as the loss by exchange. This notation, though convenient, was liable to mislead, and the financial authorities at the India Office now propose, while still, out of consideration for English understandings, representing the rupees of the Indian accounts in groups of ten, to denote these groups by the symbol Rx, reserving the £ for its legitimate use, when, as in the Home accounts, the Indian Government has to deal with pounds sterling. Adopting this notation we may state the accounts of 1885 and 1886 and the estimates of the current year, in round numbers, as follows. We shall deal only with net results, the profits, that is, of the various receiving departments after deducting the cost of management and collection, and the net cost of the spending departments after deducting the incidental receipts of those departments.

In millions of Rx and decimals of millions.

	1885	1886	1887
Net Revenue	42'6	43'8	44'4
Net Expenditure.....	45'4	43'8	44'4
Surplus or Deficit	2'8	—	—

It is thus apparent that the Government of India was heavily in deficit in 1885, and has established a bare equilibrium in the two succeeding years. This state of things, following a series of years, every one of which has shown a large excess of revenue over normal expenditure, is extremely serious, and its full significance is realized only when we come to learn from the memorandum that the equilibrium of 1886 and 1887 has been achieved by a large increase of direct taxation and by the abandonment of the policy, instituted by Lord Lytton and Sir J. Strachey, of providing a margin of 1½ millions by way of an insurance against

occasional famine expenditure. The following table shows, in a compendious form, the course of events since 1881:—

In Millions of Rs and Decimals of Millions.

EXPENDITURE	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887
Famine Insurance, Railways, Canals, and discharge of debt ...	1'5	1'4	1'5	1'5	1'4	'4	'3
Other Railways constructed from revenue, besides those under Famine Insurance ...	'5	'4	—'1	'2	'5	—	—
Surplus, or Deficit, exclusive of special Military Expenditure ...	2'	1'9	1'3	1'7	1'9	'4	'3
	2'	1'3	1'9	—'4	—2'8	'1	—
Total virtual Surplus ...	4'	3'2	3'2	1'3	—'9	'5	'3

This statement shows how alarmingly the financial position of the Indian Exchequer has altered for the worse since 1881. In that year the Government was able to devote 1½ millions to the purposes of famine insurance, to spend another half million on railways out of revenue, and yet apart from its abnormal military expenditure, to show a balance of 2 millions. Its virtual surplus was, accordingly, 4 millions. In the following year and in 1883, after the same provision for famine insurance, its virtual balance was 3½ millions. In 1884, however, this agreeable state of things came to a close. After providing the usual 1½ millions for famine insurance, the Government found itself in a slight deficit; its real surplus was only 1½ millions. In 1885 the evil intensified, and the Government found itself 2½ millions to the bad. As, however, provision for the famine insurance and other railway expenditure had been made to the extent of nearly two millions, the virtual deficit was somewhat less than a million. The next two years, 1886 and 1887, show small surpluses of less than half a million; but it will be observed that the famine insurance expenditure has been reduced from 1½ millions to a nominal sum, and that the construction of railways from revenue has been abandoned; while from another part of the Memorandum we learn that additional direct taxation has been imposed to the extent of three quarters of a million.

What is the explanation of this dark overclouding of a fair financial sky? The event has occurred which Lord Ripon and his financial Minister chose, with light hearts, to ignore, but which, none the less, was always well within the range of probability, to any one who chose to look the facts in the face and gauge the true nature of the situation. In 1882 Lord Ripon, finding himself with a substantial surplus, proceeded to bring the virtues of a Radical Viceroyalty home to the Indian taxpayer's mind by remitting taxation to the extent of nearly 3 millions. This, as his admirers remarked at the time, was an "epoch-making" achievement, but its expediency depended on several contingencies—namely, the maintenance of the opium revenue at its then height, the continuance of silver at its then value, and the preservation of peace. Each of these contingencies is beyond control, or, indeed, calculation. Each of them disappointed the rash hopes of the Viceroy and his Finance Minister. The net receipts from opium dropped by a couple of millions, exchange went rapidly from bad to worse, until the loss by it in 1886 cost the Government 2½ millions more than it had in 1881; as to peace, the Government was driven in 1885 to spend 2½ millions in mobilizing a force on the North-Western Frontier and half a million on the Burmah campaign, and to incur a net expenditure of 1½ millions in each of the years 1886 and 1887 in the military and civil administration of that province. This item may reasonably be expected to diminish in future years and ultimately to disappear, but who can venture to predict the course of exchange or to say why the charge under this head, which has grown from Rs 2,988,000 in 1881 to Rs 5,515,000 in 1887, should not jump up another 2½ millions in the course of the next five years? The opium revenue, apart from the efforts of anti-opium agitators, is liable to grave vicissitudes, and it has been definitely determined that the proper defence of the country from external aggression cannot, regard being had to the close proximity of the Russian advance guard to Herat, be adequately maintained without an additional annual outlay of about two millions. The Indian army is estimated to cost this year 18½ millions, and there is but scant probability that it will cost less in years to come. The movement of a few Russian squadrons on the Oxus may at any moment call for wholesale additions to an already formidable item. On the whole, the situation is not one which Indian financiers can regard with complacency.

The scene, sombre as it is, is not wholly without its consolatory features. It is a sign of the solid prosperity of the country that the Government has been able, in adjusting its quinquennial arrangements with the local Governments, to better its position by nearly half a million without interfering with existing projects or the course of provincial development. In other words, the development of the country during the last five years has been such that the Provinces are now in a position, while maintaining their current local expenditure, to increase their contribution to

the Imperial Exchequer by Rs 490,000. It is creditable to the energy and courage of Lord Dufferin's Government that through three years of trouble—1885, 1886, and 1887—an annual capital outlay of considerably more than ten millions in the construction of railways, either directly by State agency or by means of guaranteed Companies, has been maintained. There are now upwards of 13,000 miles of railway open in India, and so profitable are they that, although several of the lines are in the infancy of their development, the 16½ millions invested in railways up to the close of 1886 earned in that year a net profit of 5·90 per cent. The fact that 88 millions of passengers and 19½ millions of tons of goods were carried on the various railways, and a gross profit of nearly 19 millions earned, attests the importance of the new avenue to wealth opened by railways to the population. Its results are seen in an import trade valued at 73 millions and an export trade valued at 90 millions. The strongest point, however, in the Indian finances is the smallness of the National Debt. According to the figures given in the Memorandum, the Government has solid assets to show which more than equivoque the whole of its rupee debt—namely Rs 104,800,000. Against its sterling debt of 88 millions it has assets to the extent of 50½ millions. Its net debt, accordingly, is 37½ millions—a total which, when contrasted with the colossal indebtedness of the chief nations of Europe, may well console the Indian financier among the undoubted anxieties of the situation.

MENTEZ TOUJOURS!

IT is sad to think that the North Hunts election must have thrown a damp upon the professors and prophets of the great principle of Political Mendacity. Never before did so many members of the Mendacity Society gather together; never did they work harder; never were the varieties of plain and fancy lying exhibited with more sedulous care. There were the great apostles who teach the docile voter to promise his vote to Conservatives and give it to Liberals; there the ingenious arguers who make out that to give custom to a member of the same rather than of the opposite political principles in England is identical with refusing the necessities of life and the decencies of death in Ireland, and with employing the sanction of outrage and murder if the order to refuse is disregarded. And all the result was that the Gladstonian candidate made only the smallest improvement on the position of Lord Esmé Gordon—a mere Whig aristocrat, and, as Gladstonian organs perhaps unwisely assured us beforehand, as bad a candidate as Mr. Sanders was a good one. This, we say, must dash the confidence of those who think that *splendide mendax* (or, if splendour is difficult to attain, *sordide* at a pinch) is the motto for a politician. For, if it should appear that mendacity is only good when the mendacious ones have the field to themselves, that, when they are carefully contradicted and shown up, as was luckily the case in North Hunts, the boldest taradiddle is only a little more effective than a beggarly telling the truth, then dismay and disorder must necessarily creep into the ranks of the professors of Lie-beralism.

However, the practice is no doubt too tempting, and has been effective in too many instances, to be given up at once, especially with the admirable machinery which is now at the command of the practitioner. Very few people, perhaps, except those whose painful duty it is to study country papers and read reports of speeches, know the extraordinary amount of false statement that is going at the present time. "Political lying" is, of course, no new thing; but the mere circumstances of the case make it far more effective and far more easy than at any former time. A much larger number of persons can have the calumny conveyed to them; and, though the same facilities of course are at the disposal of the calumniated, it is not always that he cares to use them; while it is nearly always the case that some of the mud sticks. We happen to have come across this week such a curious instance either of gross mistake or of impudent falsification that, though it is no great matter, it may be worth while to expose it as a sample of Gladstonianism. On Monday last, as those who duly study "question time" know, Mr. Jennings asked Mr. Smith a question about a Civil List pension accorded to Mr. Augustus Mongredien, contrasting this with the fact that Mr. Richard Jefferies "was allowed to die in indigence." Now, perhaps it was not in the best taste for Mr. Jennings, who is a well-known Fair-trader, to drag a Free-trade enemy of his into the question (very fit to be asked in itself) why Mr. Jefferies had not received an allotment, though this may be allowed to pass, considering the fact that, whatever Free-trade is, it is not literature. But the perversion which the London Correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* made of this in order to excite Irish readers against the Government is remarkable, even in an Irish newspaper writer. Mr. Smith, according to this person, said that "the list could not afford the charge proposed on behalf of Mrs. Jefferies." It was further alleged that Mr. Smith "said he did not know why Mr. Mongredien got the pension from the Liberal Government," and this turned subsequently into a statement that Mr. Smith "had never heard of Mr. Mongredien," while an insinuation was added that he professed a knowledge of Mr. Jefferies's works merely to suit Mr. Jennings's question. Now, a reference not merely to the *Times* but to the *Daily News* report of the actual answer will show that the person who concocted this piece of political spite either did not take the trouble

to read or listen to Mr. Smith's answer, or did take particular trouble not to do so. Strangest of all, the Parliamentary report of the *Freeman's Journal* itself gives a perfectly accurate, though somewhat abbreviated, version. Mr. Smith did not say that the list could not afford the charge proposed on behalf of Mrs. Jefferies; he did not say that he had never heard of Mr. Mongredien, and his answer explained his knowledge of the merits of Mr. Jefferies's works quite fully. He said that, as he had not granted the pension to Mr. Mongredien himself, the grounds of its granting were not in his possession, and the grantor, Mr. Gladstone, must be applied to for them—which was the regular and inevitable official answer in the case. He said that the claims—i.e. the merits of Mr. Jefferies's works—of Mr., not Mrs., Jefferies were brought before him last April, and that, as ten months of the financial year had already passed, there was too small a balance left to be available for the purpose. And so far from saying that the list could not afford a pension to Mrs. Jefferies, he said expressly that "he had continued her name instead of her husband's on the list, and that her claims should receive the most careful consideration." As a matter of fact we happen to know that Mr. Jefferies's claims were very fully put before Mr. Smith, though unluckily at too late a period, as he explained, of the financial year. But, whether the correspondent knew this or not, it will be seen that he went out of his way to distort and falsify Mr. Smith's answer in the most unpardonable way, even putting aside the insinuation of collusion on the First Lord's part with Mr. Jennings's question. Of that there is not the slightest evidence, and it is refuted by the simple reflection that, if so, Mr. Smith must have connived at a distinct rebuke to himself. For undoubtedly the Jefferies pension ought to have been managed somehow, and it is clearly an administrative mistake to anticipate before the close of the year the full or any great amount of a sum so miserably small as the twelve hundred a year allotted for this purpose, on which at any moment a claim, as in this case, far outweighing those previously made may be advanced. Ministers do not usually invite snubs to themselves in this way.

We have said that this matter is in itself but a small one. The calumny is not very deadly, and the object of it is less practical and businesslike than the object of the calumnies made against Lord de Ramsey. It probably matters very little to Mr. Smith that an Irish paper—even the *Nationalist* "leading journal"—should make him out to be a petty plotter, who arranges with a private member of his party a fling at politicians on the other side and sets up a dead man's death and a live widow's grief for stalking horses; still less that he should be supposed never to have heard of pamphlets with which the Cobden Club have flooded the civilized world (to the civilized world's complete indifference), or of the *Gamekeeper at Home*. But the very insignificance of the thing makes it significant. This kind of petty libel is one of thousands which are daily diffused by London Correspondents and similar cattle, while, it will be observed, their editors care so little about keeping them in order that they do not even refer to their own Parliamentary reports to see if there is chapter and verse for their stories. A vast number of people see only one newspaper, and a vast number of that number only read the more frivolous and gossipy parts of that one. Thus the anonymous scribbler is pretty sure of his game. Probably in very few instances does he ever deliberately sit down to tell a lie; it would be absurd, for instance, to suppose any such intention in the paragraph we have taken for text. But with a little carelessness in hearing or reading, a little ingenuity in garbling, a little imagination to "add and elude" where unkind history does not provide the facts quite as they should be, you can easily provide a budget of scandal, or at least of abuse. And as all men are not convinced, like certain reverend persons, of the sacred duty of lying, it is probable that this is generally how it is done. There is no doubt that a fine indignation is sometimes shown when the practitioners are taken to task for their practice—an indignation which is sometimes, it would seem, quite honest in its way. The severe moralist, however, holds, we believe, that omission to take reasonable care in securing accuracy is ethically equivalent to deliberate inaccuracy, so that the indignation in question seems to be a little out of place. We can, indeed, conceive that Gladstonians should be rather loath to abandon a practice to which they have become accustomed, and which in some, if not in all cases, has brought in large rewards. Especially they may contend that it is not fair to ask them to do so without any equivalent or exchange. There, we own, there is a difficulty. The Unionist party, either from stupidity, or from early prejudice, or from the abundance of other weapons ready to its hand, has on the whole abstained from Political Lying, so that it has nothing to give up in return. No doubt Gladstonians would be glad to keep their tongues from speaking what is not true, on condition that Unionists would refrain from speaking what is true, would, for instance, never more assert that there is any connexion between Parnellism and crime; but there might be a certain unwillingness on this side to complete that bargain. Besides, when you have got into the habit, let us say, of inaccuracy, it is extraordinarily difficult to get out of it. It is so easy; it requires no peddling attention to detail; the natural sprouts of a man's own brain will always provide him with the requisite material; it can be adjusted to cases and circumstances in a manner impossible with the stupid, niggardly, bull-headed stinginess and obstinacy of Truth. To ask a man or a party after once taking to Political Lying to go back to accuracy is like asking a nation which has taken to paper money

to go back to specie. And so, if there is any Gladstonian bard about who knows French, he had better set to work composing, in honour of the goddess Homerula, or Gladstonia, or whatever is his particular name for his vanity, a new stanza to a famous song, describing her charms *quand elle ment*, and imploring her to continue in the practice. It will go charmingly. *Mentez, mentez, ma belle; mentez toujours.* And we have no doubt she will be so kind.

AMERICAN MOOSE-HUNTING.

THE moose once trod the dense American forests as far south as the Ohio, but he has been driven back before the advance of civilization, till now his southern limit on the Atlantic coast is the Bay of Fundy. According to Audubon and Bachman, the moose territory on the eastern coast of North America lies between 43° 30' and the fiftieth parallel of latitude. Since Audubon's time, however, this territory has been still further contracted.

An old writer remarks that the elk is a "melancholick beast, fearful to be seen, delighting in nothing but moisture." This terse description admirably fits the moose. He loves the mossy swamps, where his hoofs sink noiselessly into the soft, damp carpet of sphagnum. These swamps around the margins of lakes are the places which the moose bulls choose for the mating season. In such a place the pair will remain, if not disturbed, for weeks. The bull is monarch of his woody domain, and warns off all approaching rivals by crashing his massive antlers through the trees, making a sound that can be heard far away. The horns of the bull become hard at this season; and, when the first few days of September have passed, and the animal has scraped the dead skin off his horns, he is a noble creature, well fitted to arouse thrilling emotions in the bosom of the young hunter. His coat lies close and glistens in the sun. He is as black as jet, with golden-brown legs and fawn-tinted flanks. His horns are yellow, mottled with light-brown patches. His neck is round and massive. The muscles of his forelegs are like the thews of a well-trained athlete. You hear him crashing through the forest, striking the brittle trees with reckless force. Then suddenly the great black beast bursts from the cover and strides with the conscious pride of his might into the open bleak barren, breathing defiance from his nostrils, and looking, as he is, the king of the North American woods, who will yield to nothing save the deadly rifle-ball sent by his hidden and only conqueror, man.

The bulls have desperate combats at this season of the year. At this time, too, their calls, rarely heard at other periods, ring out frequently by day and by night. The call of the cow is wild and prolonged. The Indian hunter well knows how to imitate it through a trumpet of birch bark to lure the male to his destruction. The bull, as he passes through the forest, is in the habit of "talking," as the Indians call it, which consists of giving utterance to a guttural note something like the syllable "quo." Sometimes the animal indulges in loud bellowing; but he is usually cautious in his movements, especially since he has become somewhat familiar with the presence of the hunter and correspondingly suspicious. The bull-moose roars at times, and to one who has never before heard it, it is an appalling sound. Yet a bull-moose can be as silent as a rabbit when he wants to.

The moose, however, does not often battle against man. Even when severely wounded, he seldom turns upon his foe. Sometimes his rage is so great that he does face the hunter, and then it is well for the hunter to depart as speedily as possible, for an infuriated bull-moose is less pleasant to deal with than an Umbrian boar. When the moose faces the hunter and licks his lips, that is "the time for disappearing." The moose is not very active in hot weather; but when it is cold he becomes invigorated, is ready to move about, and more inclined to answer the hunter's call. A cold, frosty morning, when the still air is silent and the barrens glisten white and silver with hoar-frost, is the best time for calling moose.

But the moose is becoming scarcer every day in the forests of North America, even as the forests themselves are slowly but surely disappearing before the merciless axe of the woodman; and he who goes to seek the monarch of the American woods to-day will find but little excitement in the sport. He must be ready to endure the wearisome and monotonous labour of long tramps through a wilderness of rocks, fallen trees, and tangled vegetation, with the uncertainty of obtaining even a sight of a moose. If he be not a man who enjoys forest-life for itself, who when he goes into the woods can exclaim with a spirit of deep happiness, "Now I am in Arden!" and find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," let him eschew moose-hunting, and be content with slaughtering pheasants. But a man who loves the forest and delights in woodcraft can walk happy all day in the trail of his Indian guide, studying with ever-increasing surprise the wonderful sagacity of the savage in tracking his game. It is to this tracking or "creeping" that the sport owes most of its excitement, and the Indians display wonderful powers when engaged in it.

The law forbids the shooting of moose after the last day of December; but the light snows of the early winter enable the hunter to track his game with greater certainty, while they do not compel him to travel in snow-shoes. Moose-shooting later in the season is not sport, but unmanly slaughter; for the animals stand huddled together in the deep snow wretched and spiritless, while the hunter easily approaches in his snow-shoes and slays them. But in tracking the moose you set out with your Indian guides—it is well to

Consideration of this table will, we believe, prove that the partisans of Slöjd carpentry have not been led by prejudice to state their case too strongly; but that, granted that the above-named conditions are desirable, each of the other handicrafts must be pronounced faulty in some respect. Slöjd carpentry lays claim, and we believe that any one who tests the matter will not hesitate to acknowledge that it justly lays claim, to answer all the specified requirements in the affirmative.

Slöjd carpentry is in accordance with the children's powers.—This is an important point, for if the work is too easy, it will not stimulate the child to effort; if too difficult, he becomes discouraged, is obliged to obtain the assistance of the teacher to complete it, and in this way loses the spirit of independence. Great care has been taken in the Nääs system to keep the work strictly within the children's powers. That it is so is proved by its excellence, together with the fact that at every step the pupils are able to execute it themselves, under the guidance of, but without direct aid from, the master.

Slöjd carpentry awakens an ever-increasing interest in the child.—There is no monotony to weary him; a sense of progress and independence is ever growing in him, as he becomes more and more master of his tools, and the objects he is able to execute become more varied and attractive.

The objects made are useful.—The promoters of the Nääs Slöjd lay down the principle that the work done must be of a useful, not merely of an ornamental, character, believing that the introduction of one of the rougher kinds of hand-labour into schools will have a beneficial effect socially. If the child were employed in producing articles of a merely ornamental character, he might be led to despise, instead of to respect, the rougher and coarser kinds of work.

Slöjd carpentry trains to order and accuracy.—The fact that the work is kept strictly within the children's powers makes it possible for the teacher to demand a very near approach to perfection, and no articles which are not accurately made are allowed to pass muster.

Slöjd carpentry trains to cleanliness and neatness.—There is nothing about the work which can convey an opposite impression. The material manipulated is clean and fresh, even the shavings have a beauty of their own, and the dust is what we might call clean dust.

Slöjd carpentry develops the sense of form.—In order to see how thoroughly it does so, it must be understood that a great deal of the work is done by the knife alone—in fact, much of it might be described as modelling in wood. Numerous carved objects are given to the children to copy, for the express purpose of training the eye. After some object—a spoon for example—has been sawn out of the block, it presents a rough, unshapely appearance, having but a faint resemblance to the form which it is ultimately to attain. The young sculptor—for so he may be called—has now to complete the work entirely with his knife. Comparing carefully with the model which he is copying, guided simply by his eye, he succeeds at last in producing a really artistic, gracefully curved object, a remarkable contrast to the straight-handled, flat-bowled article suggested to the English mind by the name wooden spoon. All the models used in the Nääs Slöjd are of fine forms, and have been selected with the view of awakening in the child the love of beauty.

Slöjd carpentry strengthens the physical powers.—In order to do this effectually, it is necessary to choose a handicraft in which all the muscles are brought into play. If the various forms of Slöjd be examined, it will be found that very few provide such a means of all-sided muscular development. In the Nääs Slöjd we have not only a method of manual training, but at the same time a very thorough system of gymnastics. The work is done in a standing position, and as the child saws, planes, and hammers, the different muscles of his body are developed and strengthened. To ensure the equal exercise of both sides of the body, the children in the Swedish schools work half the time with the right, half with the left hand. When, at the end of the first hour, the word of command *left* is given, it is curious to see the children instantly change their position, so as to bring that hand to the front.

Slöjd carpentry allows of a methodical arrangement.—The necessity of method in teaching was long ago enforced by Comenius, who, in his quaint way, points to nature as the great example to be followed in this respect. "Nature," he says, "does not proceed *per saltum*, but step by step. . . . Wherefore—let all studies be so arranged that the subsequent things shall be founded in what has preceded, and be strengthened by them." The founders of the Nääs Slöjd have not only recognized the importance of this principle, but have spared no pains in forming a thoroughly methodical and graduated system of work. The series of models—one hundred in number—has been most carefully planned. The models are but as links in a chain, each one connected with that which has preceded it and with that which follows. Only one difficulty is presented at a time; but with each new model some new manipulation is mastered. Step by step the little workman advances, almost unconscious of the difficulties he is called upon so gradually to overcome.

Slöjd carpentry cultivates general dexterity of hand.—With the exception of metalwork, this is the only form of Slöjd which can be regarded as a means of developing a many-sided dexterity of hand. With a view to imparting this, as many tools and manipulations as possible have been introduced, and the various methods of joining are thoroughly taught. The wood is in no

way prepared for the child; indeed, with the exception of felling and sawing up the tree, he himself does everything from first to last. His experiences vary from the wielding of the axe, as he attacks some rough bark-covered log, to the exactitude and delicate manipulation required in the dovetailing of the edges of a box; from the smoothing of a flat surface with a plane to the rounding of a curved one with the knife. "A man," said Salzmann, "who has not in his youth acquired a many-sided dexterity of hand is only half a man; for he is always dependent upon others." This will not be the case with our young Slöjd carpenter. Place him where you will in life, his skill of hand will stand him in good stead.

The practical Briton who, anxious to protect the commercial prosperity of his country, founds his technical college, in the hope of training workmen competent to hold their ground against the skilled artisans of foreign lands, would find in the Nääs Slöjd a valuable ally. It is but necessary to enter one of these Swedish carpentry schools to see how entirely the work is in harmony with the nature of the child. At the different benches stand the little workmen and workwomen, happy because their activity has found vent. They are not now learning or repeating the thoughts and words of others; they are themselves making. It is often the children less brilliant than their neighbours in theoretical attainments who excel in handwork. If employed in book-learning alone, they become disheartened; having no liking for it, they learn to hate work; but their success in Slöjd gives them a new basis for self-esteem, and, loving this form of work, they are saved from drifting into idleness.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

THE vote for the Irish Constabulary was taken at Monday's sitting of the House of Commons, and agreed to after a debate as discursive, and on many points as frivolous, as usual, but not more than ordinarily prolonged. It is always hazardous to assume that the Parnellites will obstruct public business on those particular questions which would seem for the moment to be most appropriately available for the purpose. As they had just protested against the Proclamation of the Land League, one would have expected Mr. Parnell's followers to have offered an unusually vindictive opposition to the Constabulary vote; but this was perhaps the reason why the discussion of Monday, though it occupied the whole evening, was, by comparison with other performances on the same occasion, a reasonable one. Of course it ranged over a considerable number of topics, from the social habits of the officers of the Constabulary down to the conduct of the reporters who attend public meetings under the direction of the police authorities; but in spite of its variety it was distinctly dull—unenlivened either by that perhaps now legendary quality, Irish humour, or by that other very abundant and very constant product of the Irish politician, rhetorical violence. Unblushing effrontery—the substitute in these days for the humour of the race—was not, however, wanting. The Committee, said Mr. Healy, "ought to have some definition of boycotting. Nothing was more common at the present time" (we are glad of this admission, at any rate), "or more advantageous than to be boycotted. The boycotted man was the happiest man alive in Ireland. Labourers' cottages were not erected on his land. The police and the military bought up his cattle and other farm produce; he was practically placed on a superior level to the rest of the population." All he requires is not to want to sell his produce to anybody else but the police and military, or to buy anything, or hire anything, or let anything, or speak to any of his unboycotted neighbours, or go to mass in his chapel; and then he can get along very well, unless indeed he is inconsiderate enough to fall ill and require a doctor, or imprudent enough to die and require a grave-digger.

On Tuesday night the Upper House resumed its intermitted sittings, and an opportunity was afforded to Lord Denman of moving the second reading of the Woman Suffrage Bill; a proposal which raised a rather curious question of procedure, the House having on the 31st of January postponed the second reading until that day six months. The 31st of July having fallen on a Sunday, Lord Denman claimed apparently a right to repeat the motion any day thereafter. At the instance of Lord Lothian, however, and after an incidental discussion of the question whether "months" in the well-known Parliamentary formula meant lunar or calendar months, the House resolved that the motion should not be put. The Lord Chancellor, in the course of the debate, laid down the surely indisputable proposition that the motion to read a Bill that day six months was only "a courteous way" of saying that it ought to be rejected for the Session. Certainly it has always been so understood, and it is somewhat startling to find an attempt thus made to construe a venerable fiction literally. Suppose the crier of the Court in the old days of "fines and recoveries" had suddenly asserted a right to interfere in the litigation to which he was made a nominal party. Nay, what if a man had started up in an action of ejectment, and claimed to be John Doe or Richard Roe in person? Even these irregularities would hardly have produced greater confusion than the innovation which Lord Denman sought to introduce. In the House of Commons the Parnellites more than indemnified themselves for their forbearance of the night before.

A certain amount of obstruction took place on the vote for the Lord-Lieutenant's household, but it was on the ensuing vote for the salary of the Chief Secretary that the malice of the Irreconcilables found its main vent. An attack of exceptional brutality, even for him, was made by Mr. Healy on Colonel King-Harman, and provoked from the object of it a reply which, though occasionally rising to unparliamentary warmth, can hardly fail, we should think, to have won the sympathy of every decent man in the three kingdoms. In the course of a short and disorderly rejoinder Mr. Healy more than once gave Colonel King-Harman cause to appeal to the Chair, and drew from Mr. Courtney the observation that, if the member for North Longford "persevered in disregarding the injunctions and the advice given him, resort would be had to the power vested in the Chair to punish him for disobedience." To which there is no other objection to be made than this—that Mr. Healy ought to have been warned long before, and reported to the Speaker at the time when Mr. Courtney only began to think of taking that step. It is a distinct triumph for one of the worst-behaved members of the House of Commons that he should have been able to get through his proceedings of Tuesday evening without being suspended.

The adjourned debate on this vote was resumed at the morning sitting of Wednesday by Mr. Sexton, who, if less scurrilous than Mr. Healy, is, as a rule, perhaps even more unreasonable. Mr. Sexton's particular objection to the vote for the expenses of the Chief Secretary's office was on this occasion founded on a challenge of the accuracy of the returns relating to boycotting. It is impossible not to agree with their critic that they are in one respect remarkable. If there are seven hundred persons in Ireland to whom their neighbours will neither speak nor sell, and from whom they will not buy, and if there are a thousand other persons who have to be accompanied and guarded by armed men, "did any one contend," asked Mr. Sexton, "that they could be kept in that condition without the occurrence daily of thousands of acts of intimidation?" It is of little use giving the answer to this, because when it is given Mr. Sexton and his comrades deny the facts on which it rests; but of course that answer is that the law of the National League no more requires to be supplemented by a thousand acts of intimidation than the Pontifical anathema needed in former days to be reinforced by a thousand sacerdotal curses from individual priests. Mr. Balfour's reply was pointed, but not unconciliatory, and his adversaries were on this occasion in a milder mood than on the previous night. The vote was agreed to, and three others to boot before the hour of adjournment was reached.

The resumption of the debate on the Irish Estimates was delayed on Thursday night by a debate on a motion for the adjournment of the House, on which we comment more fully elsewhere. It was not excessively protracted, but its effect upon the total length of the sitting was perceptible enough, as was also its object.

THE POINTSMAN.

THREE acts of stirring melodrama, based on a simple yet striking incident presented in a prologue, make up *The Pointsmen*, the new play by Messrs. R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, produced by Miss Agnes Hewitt at the Olympic on Monday. The fundamental incident in *The Pointsmen* is a murder committed in strange but not improbable circumstances, so absolutely free from mystery as to suggest not the faintest clue to the somewhat complicated dramatic action that follows. The liveliest curiosity is aroused at the outset, and this artistic end is gained by means that form a startling contrast with the subsequent development of a highly ingenious plot. While the prologue is marked by breadth and simplicity, the drama reveals a rapid sequence of almost bewildering incidents, all of which are skilfully interwoven, and are naturally evolved from the initial dramatic motive, the murder in the prologue. To the audience, however, it is by no means clear that the several threads of action have this common source and intimate co-relation, and this concealment of the issue and apparent purposeless conduct of the play constitute one of its strongest points. Too often in modern melodramas are the pleasant joys of speculation and anticipation damped by some premature revelation. This is not so with *The Pointsmen*. Creditable as is the authors' invention, their constructive skill is even more remarkable. Scene after scene the interest gathers with cumulative force. It is not till the third act is reached that the nature of the climax is dimly foreshadowed, and not till then does much in the course of the drama that appears to be the wanton sportiveness of an exuberant invention assume its true aspect of artistic and well-ordered unity. With such evidence of sound craftsmanship it is scarcely necessary to note that there are most of the usual concomitants of melodrama in *The Pointsmen*, such as the superior villain and his less adroit accomplice, who turns out to be extremely troublesome to his master; and the long-suffering virtuous wife, and the not less suffering and altogether helpless victim of relentless destiny. These and other familiar figures undergo a welcome transmutation at the dramatists' hands, and reflect the vigorous personality of their work.

In the prologue, two diamond miners from the Cape—Fred

Fordyce and his friend Tom Lidstone, who is suffering from fever—are lured by Matt Collins, a crimp, to the "Blue Anchor," a riverside inn at Gravesend, kept by Richard Dugdale, a disreputable gamester, whose fortunes are at the lowest ebb, and who is threatened with an eviction. Immediately before the arrival of the wealthy diamond-owners, Dugdale had determined to abscond and to rid himself of the inconvenient company of Lizzie Hathernut, the woman he has betrayed and with whom he lives. The raving of the delirious Lidstone and the incautious swagger of Fordyce, who does not attempt to hide his diamond-laden belt until arrested by the sinister conduct and furtive glances of Dugdale, suggest a new scheme to the villainous inn-keeper. Previous to carrying out his device, Lizzie and Fordyce meet and converse, and the unhappy woman, who suspects Dugdale of an intention to desert her, borrows in a half-playful mood a talismanic ring of Fordyce, which by some chance she is unable to return before she is hurried from the house by Dugdale. Then Dugdale opens his mind to Fordyce, confesses his straitened plight, and boldly asks for a handful of the diamonds. Fordyce refuses, and in an instant is struck down by Dugdale with a knife and murdered. At this moment Lidstone staggers in from the adjoining room, recognizes his dead friend and swoons. The situation is somewhat like that in the opening of *Called Back*, but is vastly more thrilling owing to the ghastly reality of Mr. Willard's acting in the part of Dugdale. At the instance of Collins, Dugdale spares the unconscious Lidstone, who is subsequently conveyed to a distant spot, the garden of the station-master Hathernut, while the body of Fordyce is plunged into the Thames through a handy trap-opening in the floor of the "Blue Anchor." Upon this single incident is built up a dramatic fabric, so devious yet so self-contained, that it would be difficult, if it were necessary, to enumerate and describe all the points of development. Possessed of stores of diamonds, Dugdale finds he must be a diamond merchant in order to profit by his felonious gains. Accordingly, after a space of three years between prologue and play, the landlord of a low pot-house is transformed into a sleek and smiling gentleman, and a person of consequence in the house of Fordyce & Co., diamond merchants of Hatton Garden. Lidstone becomes a pointsman and marries Esther, the station-master's daughter, while Lizzie is wooed and won by another pointsman, known as Black George, who treats her even worse than Dugdale did. His drunkenness leads to one of the most exciting incidents in a play that is a whirl of excitement. Following Lady Macbeth's example, Lizzie one night drugs his posset—some brandy, to wit—in order that she may escape and join her lover Dugdale in London, and Lidstone, who undertakes Black George's duty, takes the bottle to the signal-box, drinks the contents, and wrecks the express in which his wife is a passenger. How she comes to be in the train and the consequences that ensue to all the persons of the drama involve an ingenious train of nicely calculated events tending towards the inevitable end of villainy vexing virtue. The instantaneous change of scene from the signal-box to the railway accident is one of the most complete and astonishing examples of stage mechanism ever contrived. The illusion is so perfect as to be painful. Indeed, the mechanical effects and the whole scenic presentment of the play are very remarkable. The acting, on the whole, calls for little criticism, as it is consistently able throughout. Mr. Willard, it is scarcely necessary to say, gives a most impressive and haunting impersonation of the cold-blooded and brutal cynic Dugdale. The flashes of intensity in tone and facial expression that relieve the fine and logical reserve that is the key to the character are extremely telling. Mr. J. G. Grahame, as Lidstone, is excellent both in prologue and the drama; and too little is seen of Mr. Bernard Gould, whose Fordyce is a sound, unaffected performance. Mr. J. P. Burnett has a congenial part in Bastick, the ex-policeman; Mr. Frank Wright as Black George gives a clever rendering of both aspects of the part, the awkward wooer and the drunken pointsman; and Mr. Motley Wood as Matt Collins presents a powerful study of the timorous villain who fears his superior, yet is courageous enough when beyond his control. Miss Agnes Hewitt represents Esther with much grace and sympathy, and shows admirable tact in the trying scene when the sisters nearly quarrel about Dugdale. The more complex character Lizzie is skilfully presented, and with much subtlety in the pathetic scenes with Dugdale, by Miss Maud Milton. Among the minor parts that are capably filled must be named the Charles Franklin of Mr. Darbishire and Geraldine Fordyce by Miss Helen Ferrers.

RETIREMENT OF BISHOP ULLATHORNE.

IT was not probably any surprise to English Roman Catholics to learn that, in the eighty-second year of his age and forty-second of his episcopate, the venerable Bishop Ullathorne had announced his intention of resigning his see of Birmingham. Even apart from the special "corporal infirmities" to which he refers in the circular addressed to his clergy such a step was only natural at his age; what is remarkable is that he should have been able so long to discharge the duties of his position—one of the most important in the Anglo-Roman hierarchy—with almost unabated vigour, though latterly he has availed himself of the aid of a coadjutor. And it is equally natural that the Pope, after accepting

his resignation, which it would have been no kindness under the circumstances to refuse, should have signified his intention of naming him to a titular archbishopric in recognition of his distinguished services. Dr. Ullathorne indeed, though he cannot be called a great scholar—perhaps hardly a great theologian—is just the kind of man Leo XIII. would delight to honour. He is a man of considerable learning, of undoubted piety, of conspicuous energy and zeal, and he has devoted a long life with unwearied and laborious persistence to the service of his Church. Putting aside converts he has always been regarded as *facile princeps* among the leading ecclesiastics and divines of his communion in this country with the exception of the late Cardinal Wiseman, and as an administrator and ruler of men Cardinal Wiseman was certainly not his equal. It is indeed an open secret that at the time of the formation of the papal hierarchy in 1850 the choice of a head was supposed to lie between the Bishops of "Melipotamus" and "Hetelona," as their titular sees were respectively entitled, and Dr. Ullathorne was said to have felt some annoyance at being passed over in favour of his more brilliant but less practical and energetic rival. Cardinal Newman says in the dedication to one of his early convert works, to Dr. Wiseman, "When I found myself a Catholic, I found myself in your lordship's district; and at your suggestion I moved into your immediate neighbourhood"; but it was supposed that one reason for his choosing Birmingham eventually rather than London as the seat of his Oratory was his preference for being under Bishop Ullathorne's episcopal jurisdiction. Cardinal Wiseman, who had been the ruling mind among his English co-religionists before the invasion of the Tractarian contingent, was suspected of cherishing some perhaps half-unconscious jealousy of a new ally, greater than himself, with whom he had once measured swords. There was at all events never any very warm cordiality or close intercourse between them, though there was no sort of quarrel or misunderstanding, and when the Cardinal was approaching his end, it was by his expressed desire that Dr. Manning, not Dr. Newman, was selected to preach the funeral sermon. Between Dr. Newman and Bishop Ullathorne on the other hand, though no two men could well be more unlike in their antecedents and their general tone of mind and character, there has always, we believe, existed an unfeigned mutual friendship and respect. When Dr. Newman had to undergo the trying ordeal of the Achilli case—which went against him partly through Cardinal Wiseman, who had urged him to make the challenge, having lost an important document needed for its support—he was sustained by the warm sympathy of his diocesan, and at the end of the famous Kingsley controversy, some ten or twelve years later, the Bishop was the foremost in offering his public congratulations on the result. Dr. Newman had meanwhile in his *Apologia* selected him as the typical example of "a straightforward Englishman." There is much no doubt in Cardinal Newman's intellectual and ethical personality which Bishop Ullathorne might scarcely be qualified to appreciate, but he had the discernment from the first to perceive and the good sense and generosity to recognize with what manner of man he had to do, and he felt it to be an honour to himself and to his diocese that such a man should have selected it for his chosen home. It was to him again that Dr. Newman addressed during the Vatican Council the well-known letter—on which we may have a word to say presently—deprecating the definition of papal infallibility which was ultimately proclaimed as fraught with the gravest peril to the best interests of the Church.

But it is time to say something of Bishop Ullathorne's antecedents, which, as we observed just now, differ very widely from Cardinal Newman's. And the first point which strikes one about his career is that—like nearly every Roman ecclesiastic, whether convert or not, who has attained a really influential position in the present century—he was not originally trained for the priesthood; a training, be it remembered, which in the ordinary Roman system, as shaped at the Council of Trent, begins in early boyhood. The future Bishop of Birmingham began life as a midshipman in the merchant navy, and the habits of independence and vigorous action then acquired have stood him in good stead through life. From the merchant service he passed into a Benedictine novitiate, and the Benedictine Order—formerly the most popular and widespread in England—has always retained in this country more of its English spirit and traditions than any other; its educational discipline especially has been modelled on English lines as compared *e.g.* with the Jesuit, which was of course *ab initio* a foreign importation. Before the Reformation a large number of English parishes were worked by Benedictines, and when at a later date the Anglo-Roman community came to be organized, Benedictine priests naturally took up the same kind of functions; it became their speciality not so much to live together in the cloister as to go "on the mission," and thus Dr. Ullathorne's career has been throughout one of active duty. But some of the earliest years of his ministry were spent in Australia, and he had a difficult and delicate mission to discharge in Norfolk Island, then a convict settlement; it is commonly reported to have been partly through his representations of its mischievous results that the transportation of criminals there was eventually abandoned. There at all events he had an opportunity of demonstrating his administrative tact and capabilities, and this led to his appointment in 1846, when only forty years of age, as one of the eight Vicars Apostolic, first of the "Western" and then of the "Central District" of England. On the creation of the hierarchy in 1850 he was, in technical phraseology, translated from Hetelona to the new see of Birmingham, which he has occupied ever since. Of that first batch

of diocesan bishops—whose appointment produced the notorious Papal Aggression scare—he is the sole survivor, having lived long enough to survive also by some years the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act which grew out of it. It should be recorded to his credit that, in spite of his life of continuous action, he has found time to write several theological and ethical works of merit, some of which are favourably known beyond the limits of his own Communion. One, if we are not mistaken, appeared so recently as last year. It was he who, as senior bishop, officiated at the consecration of Dr. Manning in 1865 as Cardinal Wiseman's successor at Westminster.

Five years later Bishop Ullathorne was summoned as one of Archbishop Manning's suffragans to attend the Vatican Council. He does not seem, like Bishop Clifford, to have taken any prominent part in the debates; at least his name does not occur among the speakers recorded by *Quirinus*. But he was well known, like many of his colleagues, not to share the sentiments and wishes of his archbishop. It was therefore natural in every way that Dr. Newman should address to him the letter already referred to, in which he first broke silence on the grave question which was then agitating the Roman Catholic world, the more so as it was shrewdly suspected, not to say notorious, that some of the converts were taking a very active part in the scheme for imposing the yoke of the new dogma on their adopted Church. This may help to illustrate the point of such paragraphs as the following:—"What have we done to be treated as the faithful never were treated before? When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion, and not a stern, painful necessity? Why should an aggressive insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just and whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful? Why cannot we be let alone when we have pursued peace and thought no evil?" There is much more to the same effect, but we need not transcribe the document here, which may be read at length in the *Letters of Quirinus*. It was only by accident that it became public property, and of course the Bishop's answer did not see the light. But there can be little doubt that he shared to a great extent the fears and regrets of his illustrious correspondent. He did not to be sure like many of his episcopal colleagues, English, Irish, and American, vote *non placet*, but *placet juxta modum*, nor did he sign the protest of the minority against the decree. And, like nearly all the rest, he acquiesced in it after it was passed, but we shall not probably be wrong in assuming, what Dr. Newman evidently assumed at the time, that if his influence could have determined the result, it would not have been passed; he would probably have said with many others who submitted to what they had not desired; *fieri non debuit, factum valet*. But his natural bent and aptitude was for practical work rather than for controversy, and in that field he has achieved his chief success. Cardinal Manning is a man of mark and influence who has brought to the service of his adopted Church the experience and training acquired elsewhere, but of the native hierarchy, so to speak, two members only are much known beyond their own dioceses, or at all known beyond their own communion, Bishop Clifford and Bishop Ullathorne. It would probably require an effort from many Roman Catholics, and be entirely beyond the powers of those outside the pale, to name the bishops of any titular see except Birmingham, Clifton, and perhaps Salford. Who is to succeed to the former is not yet known, but the Pope desired Dr. Ullathorne to retain his post until a successor was appointed. Some years ago Dr. Northcote, President of Oscott, might once have been a likely candidate, but he is now in feeble health, nor has any convert bishop yet been chosen with one notable exception, due not to the election of the clergy but the overruling fiat of the late Pope. The last case where papal authority was invoked—it was rumoured by the Cardinal Archbishop—to set aside the capitular election did not prove altogether of happy omen, and in the present state of political tension a second Bishop Bagshawe might almost precipitate a schism. That was a mistake the ruling powers may be pretty safely trusted not to repeat, but neither will they find it easy to discover a second Bishop Ullathorne. The last survivor of the "Aggression" hierarchy of 1850 was also its most efficient, if not its most brilliant, representative, and his co-religionists will still be able to recall with pardonable complacency the name of the first bearer of the once illegal title of Bishop of Birmingham.

A SECRET FOE.

MR. JOHN A. STEVENS is, it appears, regarded in America as a dramatic author, and also as an actor of some distinction; and doubtless had *A Secret Foe* been produced here twenty-five or thirty years ago it might have been accepted as presenting an excellent picture of Russian aristocratic manners and customs. M. Sardou's works, and those of his school, both English and French, were then only beginning to educate the public taste for pieces which, even if they do throw a rather artificial glamour round the vices of what the Paris *Figaro* is occasionally pleased to term "big life," nevertheless observe, and very rigidly too, the recognized etiquette of good society. A consummate knowledge of the world renders it impossible for M. Sardou and some of his best imitators to allow the personages in their plays to violate those social rules which can never be broken, even by the least estimable representatives of the great world whose vices and virtues they depict. It would be, for in-

stance, utterly impossible for any gentleman moving in the high society of so essentially aristocratic a city as St. Petersburg, to introduce into a ball-room of the description represented in *A Secret Foe* at the Opera Comique, amid the "Black Diamonds" and "filles de marbre" of the demi-monde, a lady of the rank of the Countess Demidoff; and it is equally certain that the Countess Demidoff would never be induced to go there, least of all to unmask herself and make a scene for the benefit of the members of "The Old Guards' Club." But Mr. Stevens's Counts and Countesses, however virtuous or however vicious they may be, are not well-bred people, and are therefore continually doing things which would close in their faces the doors of the salons of St. Petersburg, however wide open they may be for great personages of small morality. However, perhaps, after all, Mr. Stevens's play is intended to burlesque a certain class of melodrama greatly in favour in the bygone days, when the dramatic canons of the late Mr. Vincent Crummies were in vogue. If this be the case, he is to be congratulated on having constructed a very remarkable piece indeed, which is rendered all the funnier on account of the grave manner in which it is acted. And in this seriousness lies the true secret of burlesque acting. It ceases to be amusing the moment the actors emphasize their fun and flaunt before the audience their determination to be comical at any price. Mr. Stevens's troupe play seriously, so that not a single point is missed. Of the American actor's histrionic talent it is difficult to judge. If he is in earnest, then he is unquestionably a very fine survival of an obsolete art, and is fashioned after the heart of Vincent Crummies. On the other hand, if he is not serious, why then he is very stiff and drolly formal. Miss Dorothy Dene as the Countess looked well and showed distinct dramatic talent. She was very much in earnest, and her efforts not to appear ridiculous in the ridiculous positions in which the authors have chosen to place her were praiseworthy. With proper training she will soon establish a reputation as a romantic actress, being gifted by nature with many qualifications for heroic parts.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount to 4 per cent. But they are not showing the boldness which the occasion seems to require. For example, they left the rate at 3 per cent. for a whole month. They should bear in mind that there are times when boldness is the highest prudence, as timidity is likely to be as mischievous as rashness. The Directors hold the ultimate banking reserve of the whole United Kingdom, and that reserve at present amounts to less than 11½ millions. Within the next two months we may expect to see the reserve reduced by 2 or 3 millions, so that not improbably some time in October the reserve will be down to 9 millions, or very nearly. That is at all times a dangerously low reserve, and, should anything occur to diminish it still further, apprehensions would arise which would seriously affect trade. That influences are acting at present which are likely considerably to add to the diminution of the reserve is evident. Every year, without very large external demands for gold, the reserve diminishes 2 or 3 millions between August and November; but this year the probability seems to be that a large demand for gold for New York will be experienced. Indeed, there has been all through August a considerable demand, and it only failed to affect our market seriously because it has been supplied mainly from the Continent. A few weeks ago we explained very fully the way in which the Treasury is influencing the American money market, and we pointed out that, furthermore, the revival in trade is causing an outflow of money from New York to the interior. We then observed that a considerable demand for gold for New York was to be expected, though we ventured to hope that no serious crisis would be felt in the American market, because the Secretary of the Treasury had acted with so much prudence and decision that the injurious effect of the Treasury policy hitherto would be reversed. Since we then wrote the outflow of money from New York to the interior has continued, and apparently is likely to continue. Just now, it will be in the recollection of our readers, there is a strong demand for money in the interior to "move the crops," as the American phrase is, and usually that demand attains its maximum in the month of September. Then the reserves of the New York Associated Banks are depleted, and money becomes exceedingly scarce and dear in New York. Were this an ordinary year, one would predict with much confidence that a severe crisis was impending in the course of a few weeks; but this is not an ordinary year. In its last Session Congress passed an Act which may have very important consequences. Hitherto the National Banks of the United States generally have been required to hold 15 per cent. of their deposits as a reserve; but they have been allowed to count as part of their reserves money lodged by them with the Associated Banks of New York. Last Session Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to empower the banks of several other cities mentioned in the Act to receive deposits from banks on the same conditions. There are now in consequence several reserve cities in the United States besides New York, and it is possible that the outflow of money from New York to the interior, upon which we have been commenting, is partly at least a transfer of

deposits from the New York banks to the banks of the new reserve cities. If this be so, the banking reserve of the United States is much larger than it appears to be from the returns of the New York Associated Banks. There are, in fact, several reserves instead of, as formerly, one reserve, collected in New York. In that case it is possible that the outflow from New York is nearly at an end; that the demand for money to "move the crops" will be satisfied by the banks of the new reserve cities; and that New York will not experience the crisis which has been apprehended. It is to be recollected, however, that a great speculation in land and houses has been going on all the year in various parts of the United States, and the banks of these new reserve cities, or of some of them at least, may have engaged in the speculation, and may already have dissipated their reserves by loans to the speculators. However this may be, the fact that there are new reserve cities should not be left out of account. Nor should any one forget that the situation now is much more difficult to understand than in ordinary years, because the banks of the new reserve cities may now be keeping reserves, whereas formerly the reserve was all practically held in New York.

The Directors of the Bank of England are of course aware of the change in the law made in the last session of Congress, and they may have satisfied themselves that the new reserve cities hold considerable reserves, and that, therefore, the situation is by no means as strained as to most observers it seems to be. Nevertheless, it is clear that money is both scarce and dear in New York; that, arguing from the experience of the past, it is likely to be still scarcer and dearer by-and-by, and that therefore the demand for gold which has been so strong all through August is likely to continue throughout the autumn. Even so, however, the Directors of the Bank may be under the impression that the demand will not fall very heavily upon London. Hitherto, fortunately, it has been satisfied to a very large extent by the Continent, and more particularly by the Bank of France. The Bank of France, without reckoning silver, which it will be recollected is legal tender in France, holds more than 47½ millions sterling in gold, and the Imperial Bank of Germany holds more than 40½ millions sterling in gold and silver. The returns of the Bank of Germany do not discriminate between gold and silver. It is understood, however, that the greater part of this coin and bullion consists of gold. It is evident, then, that the Banks, both of France and of Germany, could part with a very large amount of gold. This will be the clearer when we observe that the whole stock of gold held by the Bank of England is less than 20½ millions. The Bank of England, in fact, would consider it mere waste to hold such an immense stock of gold, and although the view of the Bank of England is not to be commended, it is still evident that the Banks of France and Germany could part with much gold without inconvenience to themselves. The Directors of these two great institutions, however, are not likely to take that view of the matter. If peace in Europe were assured, they doubtless would part with a considerable amount of gold, but unhappily peace is not assured. On the contrary, every one is aware that war may break out at any moment; and, to be prepared for the outbreak of a great war, the Banks both of France and of Germany have for years past been increasing their stock of gold in every way possible. They have allowed a certain amount of gold to go, because they were aware that had the demand fallen entirely upon the Bank of England, the effect upon the London money market would be serious, and through the London money market upon the money markets of every other country in Europe; but it is by no means probable that the Directors either of the Bank of France or of the Bank of Germany will allow much gold to go. They have it in their power to prevent gold withdrawals if they please; and that they will please is highly likely, judging from their past conduct. The Directors of the Bank of England may, of course, have information, not accessible to the rest of the world, which assures them that the Banks of France and Germany will prevent such a demand falling upon London as would seriously affect the London money market. But if they have not such information, it seems to us that they have acted imprudently in not availing themselves sooner of the anxiety felt here during the past few weeks to obtain control over the outside market, and raise the value of money in London. Had they done so, they would, in the first place, have attracted gold from the Continent to London, and, in the second place, they would have made it less likely than it is now that gold will be withdrawn for New York. What the Directors should always bear in mind is that the stock of gold which they hold is so extremely small compared with the stocks held in France, Germany, and the United States, that they cannot afford to lose very much of the metal; that, therefore, they ought to seize every opportunity which offers to make it more difficult to draw gold from London, and, at the same time, to attract gold to London. They do not seem to have grasped the idea properly, and they have not, therefore, taken the opportunity of the feeling of the last few weeks to get control of the money market here.

Even if the Directors of the Bank of England could feel sure that gold would be allowed to be withdrawn from the Banks of France and Germany in the amounts required by New York, it would be wise on their part to endeavour promptly to obtain control of the London market and to raise the value of money here. For the reasons stated above the probability is very great indeed that money will continue extremely scarce in New York throughout the autumn. Even if the new reserve cities do hold reserves this is probable, partly because of the extreme activity of trade,

partly because of the caution shown by the Secretary of the Treasury and of the large surplus accumulated in the Treasury. But if money continues very scarce and dear while the needs of the interior continually withdraw money from New York, the demand for gold for New York will become greater and greater and a serious drain may set in. As pointed out above, the probability is that, were the drain to become large, the Directors of the Banks of France and Germany would take measures to protect their own stocks; but, even if they did not, it would be to the interest of the Bank of England to put a stop to the drain. The Treasury of the United States can always give relief to the New York market by transferring to that market the surplus of revenue over expenditure; but the Secretary of the Treasury very properly holds that he ought not to do anything which would seem to favour one set of speculators against another set, and consequently that he ought not to buy bonds at a very high premium unless there is actual stringency in the money market. Hitherto, though money has been very scarce and dear, there has not been what is regarded as an actual stringency. In other words, every borrower in good credit possessing security has been able to obtain the accommodation he required; banks in no instance have refused solvent borrowers. While this continues to be the case the Secretary of the Treasury will probably refuse to buy bonds at a high premium. But, if the Secretary of the Treasury declines to interfere in the struggle between the speculators for the rise and the speculators for the fall, an extremely scarce and dear money market will inevitably lead to a large drain of gold from Europe. Therefore it is the interest of the money markets of Europe to cut short as much as possible the uncertainty in the United States, and to give the Secretary of the Treasury that reason for acting with promptitude which would justify him in the eyes of Congress and of the taxpayers. In other words, if money is made so dear in London that capitalists will not think it worth while to ship gold from London to New York, and if, at the same time, the Banks of France and Germany refuse to part with much gold, the American money market can obtain relief only from the Treasury. Representations will then be made with effect by the bankers and leading merchants of the Union to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he will purchase bonds in the amount requisite for the relief of the market. A decision to that effect now would very soon restore confidence throughout the United States; whereas, if the uncertainty is protracted the value of money may continue to rise; the drain of gold will almost certainly go on; the Bank of England will be compelled to raise its rate to 5 per cent.—it may even be to 6 per cent.—with serious inconvenience to all persons engaged in trade; and at last the Secretary of the Treasury will have to intervene. It depends upon the Directors of the Bank of England, to a large extent, how long the uncertainty is to continue. And, therefore, it is to be hoped they will take prompt and energetic measures to obtain control over the market.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

AT the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street, in the same room where hangs a collection of drawings by Mr. Du Maurier, there are now on view four sets of drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, a young artist whose contributions to the *English Illustrated Magazine* have naturally attracted all who are hopefully alive to fresh indications of artistic talent. Mr. Thomson's drawings are chiefly illustrative of eighteenth-century life in town or country, and their inspiration is almost purely literary. All things considered, our Augustan age has proved a felicitous source of impulse to the artist's fancy and humour, in which qualities Mr. Thomson's gifts are not only considerable but decidedly individual. The exhibition comprises a series of designs suggested by *The Spectator* entitled "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley"; a set illustrating Gay's "Journey to Exeter"; and two smaller series devoted to the diverting story of Sir Dilberly Diddle, the Militia captain, and "A Morning in London." That Mr. Thomson is an accomplished draughtsman, with a fine sense of composition and a ready invention, is abundantly indicated in his sympathetic and charming illustrations of Sir Roger de Coverley and his antiquated world of fine ladies and beaux, of country parsons and old-fashioned sportsmen, squires and huntsmen. His treatment of a very attractive subject shows an uncommon measure of literary assimilation, his method being not pictorial alone, but truly illustrative of the theme. His Sir Roger and Will Wimble, his Sir Roger's chaplain (42) and the widow (53) and Sir Roger's ancestor (52, 58) are all thoroughly acceptable types, figures of definite personality whose characterization is set forth in each instance with a sensitive feeling for the nicer touches of the original delineator. In this series are some excellent studies of horses and hounds and some capital and very vivacious sketches of the hunting-field. A delightful example of the former is No. 38, in which two hounds are humorously contrasted, the one "a noted liar," the other "an old hound of reputation"; and equally good are the horses and hound in No. 49 and "The Grey-stone Horse" (20). Gay's ballad "A Journey to Exeter" is not less effectively treated, especially notable being the piquant drawing of the pretty girl washing shirts (73), and the amusing sketch of two gay old toppers in an inn parlour, "prompt in elbow chairs they snoring

rest"—while their young companion peers through the window on the look-out for their horses (74). "Morning in London" is conceived in a vein of humour decidedly genuine; but nothing in the collection is better as an exposition of character than "The Small Coalman" (88). Altogether the Exhibition, which is open till October, well repays a visit.

THE STATE OF THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.

IV.

HAMMERSMITH THEATRE OF VARIETIES, COLLINS'S, THE STANDARD, THE MARYLEBONE.

THE main entrance to the Hammersmith Theatre of Varieties is in King Street West, and is on a level with the area and stalls. There is a good straight run to the area, which is entirely satisfactory. The passage on the O. P. side which leads to the stalls is also very fair, but the entrance down five stairs would be greatly improved if it were enlarged, and if the stairs were changed into a slope. It is only fair, however, to say that there is a wicket in the barrier dividing the stalls from the area, which undoubtedly would be useful in case it were open when a panic occurred. There is no other exit to the stalls and area, unless we count a door on the O. P. side, which was labelled "To be used in case of alarm of fire." As this door was locked, there was grim humour in the notice affixed to the same door, which set forth that "disappointments will occur in the best regulated houses." The line in question would have been more pregnant with meaning if it had been left in its original form, and had "disappointments" not been substituted for "accidents." The eight private boxes which are reached from the stalls are by no means so satisfactory as they should be. The staircase itself is of stone, and sufficiently wide to meet all requirements, but the boarded-up passage at the head of the stairs which leads to the seats seems a perfectly useless obstruction, and the doorway through which the seats are reached is very far from being of sufficient width. Indeed, it can scarcely be more than three feet wide, and this fault is exaggerated by the absence of any other exit either shut or open. The management, however, are to be congratulated on the fact that no narrow galleries run round the sides of the hall. The entrance to the gallery, which is far from being a good one, is in a side street. The stairs are of stone, but the roofing is so extremely low that we were compelled to stoop down in order to ascend them. Half way up there is a nasty break in the stairs which, in our judgment, might prove very dangerous. There are no oil lamps and there is no electric light, and, although it is in certain respects safer than many of the music-halls, it will have been seen that the Hammersmith Theatre of Varieties is very far from perfect.

There are two entrances, on either side of the public-house, to Collins's Music-Hall, in Islington Green. As, however, they are connected by a passage, they really only amount to one exit. One of these exits leads to the stalls, which occupy the whole ground-floor, and to two private boxes. There are two more exits from the stalls; but as they are parallel, one running through the bar and lavatory, which also serves as the "stage-door," and they all three open on to the passage referred to, they must really count as one.

There seems to be some confusion on this point which it may be worth discussing. An exit, to our mind, means a separate exit on to the street. To the proprietors of theatres and music-halls, and to the Board of Works, it seems to mean that as long as there is a door leading on to another exit it is an extra exit. By this rule a private house with sixteen rooms, to each of which there was a door, might be said to have seventeen exits, although there was only one front door to escape by. This is obviously absurd; for it is clear that there is no safety till the open street is reached, and that it cannot be a great benefit to one section of an audience to know that by escaping by one door they will come into conflict with another part of the audience, and will run the risk of being crushed or burned in one part of the house instead of another.

The entrance to the balcony and eight private boxes is also from the same passage that leads to the stalls. The stairs themselves are good; but the passages on the right and left of the house are very unsatisfactory. We believe there is an iron door leading on to the gallery stairs; but, as it was locked, it little matters that we should be uncertain on this point. The gallery is in a very bad way. The stairs are reached from the same passage as the stalls and balcony, and every row of the gallery itself is fenced off and caged in by iron railings, in which there is but one narrow opening. There are no oil lamps and there is no electric light; and it will be seen that no part of the house has an extra exit, that there are but two exits to the entire auditorium, and that these two exits really only amount to one.

The Standard Music-hall is a well-built, substantial building, possessing a single entrance in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. Like many of the smaller music-halls, it consists simply of stalls or area and balcony. Now, to reach the stalls you have to ascend a staircase consisting of seventeen stairs, and to reach the balcony—to which there is no separate entrance—you are compelled to pass through the stall lobby, and to make another ascent of some twenty steps. From neither part of the house is there a single extra exit. There is certainly a second door leading from the stalls, close to the door through which the audience enters; but,

as we noticed that it was carefully fastened by four bolts on the night of our visit, we presume that it is not intended to be used as an extra exit. On reaching the door of the balcony, we were astonished to find that it had been bolted by the checktaker from the outside, and on attempting to leave the balcony we were detained for some considerable time until that official thought proper to unbolt the door. We will not attempt to comment on such a terrible state of things. The facts themselves are ugly enough. We do not hesitate to say that, if a fire or panic were to take place in this music-hall, the occupants of the remoter parts of the balcony could, under ordinary circumstances, only escape by a miracle. With a door bolted from the outside and a scared checktaker, who in the confusion would probably forget to open it, what chance could they possibly have? We confess that we have scarcely patience to discuss the subject. This place of entertainment is extremely well conducted, and the audience will compare favourably with most of the West-End music-halls. It is said that they should be placed in such peril. Needless to say, there were no oil lamps.

The Marylebone Music-hall in High Street, Marylebone, is certainly safer than the Standard, but, nevertheless, leaves much to be desired. Like the Standard, it consists of stalls or area and balcony. But, at any rate, there is a separate entrance to the balcony which is reached by a sufficiently wide staircase consisting of twenty-two steps. There is a double set of doors leading to the stalls which might cause much mischief in case of panic. Of course there are no oil lamps nor electric light, nor is there a second service of gas. There is not a single extra exit from balcony or stalls, and, as far as we could see, the performers are compelled to go through the front of the house to reach the stage. Although the stalls are somewhat cramped, there is an excellent saloon adjoining, and as it communicates directly with the front of the house, it would be found to be extremely valuable in case of alarm. But the want of extra exits renders this place of amusement far from safe, and we recommend the proper authorities to pay visits both to it and to the Standard, on the earliest opportunity. And, if after their inspection they do not insist on the necessary alterations, the responsibility must continue to rest on their shoulders. All these things are but one more proof of the very unsatisfactory condition in which the whole question of licensing remains.

EGO ET REGINA MEA.

MY friends, upon the threshold of September
I may, not too precipitately soon,
Bid you in love and loyalty remember
To celebrate the Twentieth of June.
(Although, unhappily, of half its glories
We all must feel the festival was shorn
When in my stead the leader of the Tories
Greeted as Premier the auspicious morn.)

Still, we have hailed this fiftieth anniversary
With more of popular gladness, I have heard,
Than, in the days when I was in the nursery,
Welcomed the Jubilee of George the Third.
(As how should other greeting have been tendered?
Or what enthusiasm should befit
The period which for its sins engendered
The blackguard Union and the wicked Pitt?)

Well I remember how old Joseph Edwards,
Speaking, near here, of seventy years ago,
Informed us, in surprisingly well said words,
What miserable days they were, you know.
(And, bless my soul, no wonder that such speeches
Reveal a shocking state of matters, when
Tis borne in mind I was not yet in breeches,
And was but an illustrious infant then.)

Those times, indeed, were times of dreadful rigour;
Completely crushing was the price of wheat;
Tea reached a quite prohibitory figure,
Sugar was dear, and nought was cheap but meat.
(Yet mark, I beg you, that if meat is dearer,
Bad legislation cannot be the cause,
As 'twas with corn; since—nothing could be clearer—
The price has risen while I made the laws.)

Another thing old Edwards mentioned kindly
As characteristic of those evil times,
That Justice laid about her somewhat blindly,
And used to hang for very trifling crimes.
(While now, unless for murder and for treason,
You run no danger of the pendulous fate,
A doom which, in the latter case, with reason
I think it might be well to mitigate.)

But crimes are fewer now, and food more ample,
And men are better housed and kindlier bred,
And find a far more virtuous ensample
And get themselves more honourably led.

And (though these changes from my use have dated
And I the foremost citizen have been)
I think they ought to be associated
With the great name of our most gracious Queen.
(Cheers, and a voice "Gladstone.")

O hush! you shock me much, whoever said it;
I must not listen; no! I say again,
These blessings all stand rightly to the credit
Of our good Queen's most memorable reign.
(And yet—and yet, I own—my heart confesses,
How, with that cry, a still small voice I hear
From out my being's innermost recesses
Whispering "Gladstone" to my inward ear.)

REVIEWS.

ROBERT FERGUSON, THE PLOTTER.*

IN the fulness of time every character traduced in history shall have its own apologist. Judas has had his, and now it is the turn of Dryden's Judas:—

Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension purse;
Judas, that pays the treason writer's fee;
Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree.

Judas, to continue in our own prose, that finally came to be accused of doing not dissimilar services for his satirist's Royal patron; Judas, that at the end of a long life expressed acute remorse for having traduced the sacred majesty of David—in short, Robert Ferguson, the Plotter. This remarkable and somewhat amusing person has found a biographer in Mr. James Ferguson, Advocate. Whether Mr. Ferguson is in any way influenced by the fine old Scotch loyalty to kindred we do not learn, and indeed a man might come from a worse stock than the Fergusons of Badifurrow. However that may be, he has written a life of the Plotter with intent to prove that he was by no means either like the "Judas of Dryden's great satire," nor yet like the malignant imp of Macaulay's great Whig pamphlet. Further, Mr. Ferguson has done it decidedly well. We could wish that he were a little less diffuse, and also that he were a little less solemn. There is much about the Plotter's life and labours which is more than touched with comedy, not to say farce; but his biographer goes through it all with a very Scotch gravity. Here and there, too, we find touches of sentiment of a slightly puling kind. Still, Mr. Ferguson has gone solidly to work. He has read his man's pamphlets, and even his theology. He has toiled at documents, and has read the Plotter's intercepted letters in the Record Office; and, finally, he shows that sound knowledge of the general history of the time without which no man can write a biography. Mr. Ferguson keeps his own political opinions very quiet, but we dimly make him out to be not a little of a Tory and something of a Jacobite. The guess may be rash, but we guess all the same that Mr. Ferguson forgives his man much because he did finally come round to the right side and remained loyal to it.

Unfortunately, after listening to his advocate, we cannot get persuaded that Robert Ferguson was not a considerable rogue. Mr. James Ferguson has, of course, no great difficulty in making holes in Macaulay's portrait. The Plotter of the History is drawn in the well-known Bubbly Jock manner, and is a mere poisonous impossibility—a wicked sprite, who first worked at intrigues which turned out badly for the Whigs and then fought for the other side. But Mr. Ferguson's Plotter is not much more credible. He is altogether too enlightened and humane, too patriotic, too profoundly political, too full of the milk of human kindness. The biography makes much of certain good-natured letters written by the plotter to his wife while he was in hiding for the Rye House business. But, as Mr. Thackeray justly observes in his learned and judicious history of *Catherine*, even a scoundrel may have human affections. Now, though Robert Ferguson may not have been a thorough scoundrel, he was not necessarily an honest man because he was anxious about his wife's health. Besides, may not these letters have been in cypher? Mr. J. Ferguson ought to prove that his man was not a busy intriguer who fought for the Whigs as a Dissenter of the acrid kind before the Revolution and for the Stuarts afterwards, partly because William's Government did not do enough for him, and partly because, like more famous persons, he wanted to be safe in case of a restoration. Now this is what he does not succeed in doing. It is true that Ferguson lost a sinecure place under William for Jacobite intrigues, and that he stuck loyally to his new party; but 500*l.* a year and idle obscurity must have been a poor bribe for a man of his character. Even supposing that Ferguson was, like Smollett, another Scotch Whig, disgusted into Toryism by the rascality of the Revolution Whigs, there is still the charge that the work he did for his new party was pretty much what he had done for the old—namely, its worst intrigues. Even conviction does not justify a man in doing dirty work. To this Mr. Ferguson makes no effective answer. The best he

* *Robert Ferguson, the Plotter; or, the Secret of the Rye House Conspiracy and the Story of a Strange Career.* By James Ferguson, Advocate. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1887.

can say is that the Plotter engaged in this and the other shady business in order to defeat it without betraying his party. Now this kind of ingenuity is extremely suspect. It lends itself far too easily to double and treble treasons, and the man who engages in it can hardly escape the charge of betraying both sides. Mr. Ferguson examines the evidence of the informers who were witnesses against the Rye House conspirators, and has no great difficulty in showing that it by no means proves that the Plotter was responsible for the assassination part of the scheme. It is probable enough that he was not, for Ferguson had too much sense and too much regard for his safety to engage actively in such a frantic business. But it is not to be denied that he had no scruple about working with men whom he knew to be engaged in a plot to murder. He may not have helped them effectually, he may even have kept them back, but there is nothing to show that he would have been greatly shocked if they had succeeded. This is not the position of a scrupulous man, to put it mildly. Mr. Ferguson is fairly justified in saying that the more creditable Whig conspirators, the virtuous Russell, the high-minded Sidney, were not so very much cleaner than the Plotter. They and their curious friend Monmouth held aloof from the murder plot, but they cannot have been ignorant of the designs of the would-be assassins. They at least tolerated the presence of these men in their following, and, though they may have employed Ferguson to keep them back, they did not break with them altogether. This only proves that the business of conspiring has a very ugly side. It does not excuse the conspirators who tolerated the ugly work—still less does it excuse Ferguson, who seems to have been employed whenever anything very shady had to be done. But, indeed, it is rather weak to bring morality and honour into the question when Robert Ferguson is concerned. It is much more sensible to take Lady Teazle's advice, and leave them out. When this precaution is taken the Plotter becomes, comparatively speaking, tolerable. He really seems to have possessed the virtue of fidelity to his employers. If he occasionally served them in his own inconvenient way, there is no evidence that he betrayed them; there is only a supposition based on his repeated escapes. It is, of course, possible that he was first a spy for Charles and then a spy for William; that, in fact, he conspired against successive Governments very much as Defoe conducted his Opposition paper. But this is mere supposition, and can hardly be reconciled with the fact that James II. trusted him, although he cannot have been ignorant of Ferguson's relations to his brother. On the whole, the evidence goes to show that Ferguson deserved his name of the Plotter, and not the title of the Spy. His absurd boasting during Monmouth's rising, and all that is known of his sayings, are perfectly consistent with the theory that he loved plotting for its own sake, and was boundlessly conceited of his powers of doing it well. When the Stuarts were in he plotted against them, when they were out he plotted for them, mainly because a plotter must needs be against the Government. Probably he had a little touch of lunacy, but there is enough in his writings and doings to show that he was not quite sane. There was nothing in the political life of his time to make him ashamed of his taste. At the worst he was only a grotesque copy of many most dignified statesmen who sat in King's councils and wore the Garter. He intrigued below as they did above, doing the dirty work they preferred to do by deputy, and like most of them with a core of honest conviction (hatred of popery for one thing) in the heart of his shifty rascality.

TWO BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE.*

TO say sweepingly that the architects of our days give less opportunity than their predecessors to the student or the amateur to make himself acquainted with their work in books might be rash; but the rash man who advanced the theory would certainly be able to make some fight for it. Drawings in the architectural sections of the Royal Academy and other exhibitions soon pass out of general reach and view; engravings in the architectural papers are nearly as ephemeral and not particularly comely; and there are but few parallels, at least in England, nowadays to the vast folios in which not a few architects of the last two centuries enshrined their work. Mr. Pullan has, therefore, done well to register, partly by the aid of photography, partly by that of lithography or engraving, some of the work of the late W. Burges. The "Details of Stone-work" employ the less popular, but more exact and lasting medium; the "House" is a stately portfolio of photographs. Both are of the highest interest to lovers of architecture, whether they be professional students or not, and both illustrate the extraordinary mastery of detail, at once learned and imaginative, which distinguished Mr. Burges's work. A devil's advocate looking over the volumes might here and there find a fault with the proportions and the ensemble of some of the designs—indeed, it is in proportion and in ensemble that the abundant architectural work of the last forty or fifty years, interesting and meritorious as it often is, most commonly sins. But the fertility of invention in detail and the freedom

from that most detestable, and, unfortunately, most common habit of pastiche, which consists in taking a window from Saint Gengulphus' Cathedral here, and a door from Saint Ernulphus' Chapel there, an arcade from such and such a town-house, and a staircase from such and such a castle, and sticking the whole together as if it made a live and homogeneous conception, can escape no one.

The smaller and severer work may be the less generally attractive, but it is not the less interesting in itself. The apsidal design for a Memorial Church at Constantinople, which was never carried out (and to which Mr. Pullan appends the note, only too characteristic of the fate of many admirable designs, "It was subsequently modified by being shortened in order to come within the estimate"), naturally loses much of its intended effect in a black-and-white drawing. For polychrome was to have been employed throughout, and would unquestionably have relieved the somewhat blunt and stern effect of the thin lofty square piers and towers. But the richness and variety of the mouldings is remarkable; and the triforium and clerestory, if carried out, must have been especially beautiful. Brisbane Cathedral (also apsidal) is in parts severe, almost to plainness. Mr. Pullan admits that "the tower is the least pleasing feature"; we should ourselves, we confess, be inclined to call it ugly and gawky to a degree; but the design of the bays of the apse redeems it to some extent, and, as always, the capitals and other details are singularly original and graceful. Considerable space is occupied by Cork Cathedral, perhaps Burges's most important design, except Hartford College in America. Here, too, we cannot think the towers beautiful; indeed, some special evil genius seems to have waited on Mr. Burges's notion of a tower externally. But even here the section of the lantern of the central tower is very prepossessing. "The School of Art, Bombay," was unluckily one of the architect's dream-children only; it never came from paper to fact. But the windows (here round-headed and almost heavy) are very fine, and the staircase quite admirable. The elaborate plans for Hartford College (Conn.)—a mighty design of four large quadrangles—have, we believe, been only partly executed, and not many details are given; but Sir J. H. Amory's house at Knightsbray is more fully treated. Here the bold uplifting of the whole structure on battered terraces strikes at once in the general plan; with, in the details, the use of sculpture not only in initials, but to fill the gable ends.

The series of photographs of Mr. Burges's House will, however, be by far the most interesting to most people. The house itself, which must be familiar enough to dwellers in Kensington, may not externally please all tastes; we have heard it called heavy, and the architect's tower is not universally popular. But its internal arrangement, and still more its decoration, are perhaps the most interesting instances of recent date showing what can be done to vary the deadly monotony of the usual middle-class and middle-sized English house. The decorations, of course, are not in their full extent within the reach either of everybody's purse or of everybody's power even if he had the purse. Things are a little better now in the way of getting furniture, glass-work, metal-work, carvings in wood and stone, and so forth, executed to design than they were some years ago, though we fancy that the experience of most people with the "art-shops" and art workmen who are "discovered" from time to time is that they very rapidly get not only dearer but more commonplace, more mechanical, and less intelligent. An architect in the ordinary course of his profession is sure to come across capable workmen who are very glad to execute his ideas, and the ideas (as good Captain Basil Hall said of Scott's) "cost him nothing." Indeed, much of Mr. Burges's furniture and many of his *bibelots* were of much older date than his house, and had been part of the equipment of his chambers for years. He seems to have been particularly fond of those elaborate buffets and *bahuts* which appear to have been, even in their invention and idea, purely mediæval, and in executing which the middle age showed such inexhaustible ingenuity and such a vast command of invention at once quaint and beautiful. The Dog Cabinet (embellished with portraits of former pets—for Mr. Burges, like all good men, was fond of beasts and had a "cat-cup," out of which it is to be presumed that he did not drink cat-sup or cat-lap), the great bookcase (one of many, but most remarkable for the intricacy and beauty of its embellishments), the wardrobes and dressing-tables and washhand stands in the bedrooms, the *étagères* and cabinets elsewhere, present inexhaustible examples of effective and appropriate detail. This is also duly carried out in the pots and cups and brazen vessels to which, it is refreshing to hear, Mr. Burges applied the excellent doctrine that "it is no use having pretty things if you do not use them." All these things, however, as well as the arms and armour, are in a manner extraneous, though belonging to the interior of the house, the arrangement and structural and mural decoration of which are the most interesting points of the collection. We have said that the house is by no means large. A square of fifty feet covers its ground plan over all, and includes projections and recesses. Its largest room is only 24 feet by 18, and instead of towering to the sky like many modern houses, it has but three floors and a basement. But in every case the most has been made of the space, and the fatal effect (almost universal in the smaller London house) of having had the carcass built first and then each floor parcelled out anyhow, is entirely avoided. The hall is of the most moderate size, but by dint of running right up through two floors unencumbered by staircase but furnished with a bold gallery

* The Architectural Designs of W. Burges, A.R.A.—Details of Stone-work. Edited by R. P. Pullan. London: Batsford.

The House of W. Burges, A.R.A. Edited by R. P. Pullan. London: Batsford.

it has the appearance of far greater space than it occupies, the crushing effect of the low ceiling immediately inside the door, which the inclusion of a staircase necessitates, being wholly absent. Then nothing is spared to make the decorations of the rooms as much part of them as possible—lofty dados, partly of marble; deep friezes, elaborately painted; panelled ceilings and chimney-pieces, reaching the ceiling and as elaborate as may be. We do not know that we do not like the plainest of all these last, that in the so-called night nursery, best. It is a simple hood-shaped piece, with three monkeys, boldly carved and supporting brackets, the rest of the surface having no relief but a hexagon of bosses and a moulding at top and bottom. But the most elaborate—the Caen stone over-mantel of the library, representing a castle front with a symbolical procession of the parts of speech—is also admirable, and perhaps shows the perfection with which Burges had not only caught but adapted mediæval feeling better than anything else. Even the Triumph of Love, which similarly adorns the drawing-room chimney, directly taken though it is from the *Roman de la Rose*, comes somewhat short of it in this respect. Another very beautiful chimney-piece is the Mermaid one in the architect's own bed-room; while the dressing-table in the same room, with its revolving mirrors and pivoted drawers, is perhaps the most original and harmoniously devised article of furniture, properly so called, in the house. It is almost unnecessary to say that in each room the decorations are consecutive, not haphazard, and that the two doctrines of Sequence and Symbolism, which are characteristic of mediæval art, are never neglected.

But, in truth, we might talk of friezes and of windows, of chimney-pieces and furniture, for several columns. When Socialism reigns (always providing that it does not, as we believe it has threatened to do, hang all the contributors to the *Saturday Review*) we know a man who is going to apply to the State for this house. He says he has only one doubt of success—he knows more about the *Roman de la Rose* than most people, and that would be, no doubt, a reason for not letting him read it here almost *in situ*, in the lap of Liesse, with Oiseuse fanning him, and Dangier and Papelardie looking jealously on. By the way, Mr. Pullan appears to be under the impression that these and similar names are "Provençale" (the *e* is his), which we can assure him, with perfect truth, they are not. This, however, is not a matter of great importance.

NOVELS AND TALES.*

HERR HEYSE is an excellent writer and a good artist in fiction. An acute and learned student of character, he has, in a very marked degree, the ability of so presenting his results as to give his readers the impression that they have before them, not a set of generalizations, but a piece of individual portraiture—the rendering of a personal and living model. Another quality of Paul Heyse's is the capacity of dealing with emotion. He is a searcher of the human heart and a master of human speech. The situations he invents are calculated for the generation and the development of passion; and once he has got his men and women front to front, he makes them think and act and feel, not like dummies, not even like so many expressions of himself, but like living, breathing things of flesh and blood. An admirable specimen of his talent is the figure of the mother in *La Marchesa*, the first of the three *nouvelles* which Mr. Phillips has translated—and that with genuine ability and understanding—for the benefit of English readers. She is a Riviera peasant woman, shrewd, kindly, eminently natural, teeming with proverbs, garrulous to a degree; but Herr Heyse never for an instant loses his hold upon her heart. In his hands she turns from comic to tragic so easily and imperceptibly that one is lost in admiration at the completeness of the effect. It is art, and art of a high order; and we feel, as we go back upon the work, that here is a workman of genius. Not less admirable is the way in which Herr Heyse contrives to paint the picture, in the *Marchesa* herself, of a beautiful and virtuous woman, and to make her the central figure of a genuine tragedy, without once putting her directly on the scene. He tells her story in the first person, and as an experience of his own; but he never meets his heroine until she is dead, and the story is done; he does but report of her what he hears from others; and his results seem only the more complete, his suggestion is only the more vivid and expressive. In "The *Marchesa*" he is at his best; but he is not far short of it in "Her Excellency's Daughter," a love story at once strange, original, and touching, which introduces us to a number of characters so generously observed and rendered as to be irresistibly "sympathetic," and in which the whole secret is only revealed in the last words of the last line. Generosity is, indeed, a characteristic of Herr Heyse's mind. He believes in the goodness of men and women; he recognizes the charm it has in actuality, and he wisely chooses to make use of it as material for art. It

has been said that virtue is not nearly so interesting as vice; but with this proposition Herr Heyse is by no means disposed to agree. Indeed, if the present volume be taken as witness against him, it is proved to admiration that his disagreement is constant. It is vigorously apparent in *La Marchesa*, it gives a quite peculiar flavour to "Her Excellency's Daughter," and in "A Divided Heart"—which tells of the love of a well-married man for an ill-married woman—it is, perhaps, more obvious than in either. It is difficult to decide which of the three—the wife, her husband, or the interloper—is the most amiable, or which of them behaves the most honourably and the best. The situation is as old as the world; but under Herr Heyse's hand it is made almost new. One has but to reflect upon the means by which all sorts and conditions of French novelists have essayed to compass such an end to admit that to say that much is to say a great deal.

If Mr. David McLaren Morrison were not described in the title-page of *Brotherhood: a Study from Life*, as already the author of novels more than one, we should have taken him for a young gentleman not long from school, and *Brotherhood* for the first-fruits of his unaccustomed leisure. His story is of a brotherhood of three, and his heroes not only begin as undergrown good young men but end as overgrown pattern schoolboys. The pity is that in neither development are they ever to be mistaken for a moment for human beings. This is less their fault than their author's, for it has to be admitted they are too heavily handicapped for anything. Almost from the start they are furnished with a yacht, a billiard-table, a villa at Naples (where they drive in "the Chiaga," and have "a splendid lunch of oysters and kianti," at "one of the oysterias on the beach"), plenty of money, and a perfect outfit of noble thoughts and good intentions. They go through all manner of sublime experiences—the Eton and Harrow match, the Varsity boat-race, the *Last Days of Pompeii*, and so forth. They stay in Florence, and confess to each other, with the ingenuousness of youth, their admiration for the works of Gianbologna, of one of whose women, the ravished Sabine, they write that she "is like a ripe peach, and her figure has certainly made me long to embrace her, a feeling no living woman has yet inspired me with." They visit the tomb of Virgil, and they read Plutarch in "a rare edition . . . translated from the Greek by M. Dacier." They rescue one damsel from a life of shame, and are taken in and done for by another, whose mother, in the course of her lamentations, cries out, "Oh! how I wish I had never broken my leg, and then she would never have been born." They fall ill of cholera, and are nursed through it by the rescued damsel, who has meanwhile become a great actress, and who dies the instant her nursing is accomplished. They marry, and are deserted by their spouse, for two several reasons:—firstly, because the lady so desires to secure their happiness that she does not hesitate "to take a step which" (she rightly conjectures) "will render me an outcast from all good people"; and, secondly, because she is in the hands of a man who "rules me" (she explains) "through all the low animal passions we women have"; and we take leave of them (two of them) clasping each others hands and looking "fearlessly" into each other's eyes, after coming to the resolution to "rescue that poor girl" from the clutches of "that blackguard Vincent" (i.e. the gentleman who rules her through all the low animal passions as aforesaid), "whom, she says, she does not love," so that "she shall have the protection of my name, and before the world occupy the position of my wife." To inflict such a rigmarole of experiences upon your hero is one thing; to make it seem plausible and natural is another. Mr. Morrison has done the first; the second was beyond him, and is left undone. He makes up for it, however, by writing about life with great, if obvious, wisdom and a fine display of oracular tongue. Thus, "Even in youth," he observes, "one can make light of another's misfortunes," inasmuch as "it is the philosophy of human nature to do so, and it should console us in our troubles," &c. Again, he has discovered that "in youth the joy of manhood is as evident as the glorious sun overhead," though, "alas! it is often as unobtainable as the sun himself," and, as a natural consequence, "like the children of Israel—man spends his lifetime in a desert, in unrewarded search for a promised land." In the same way, it has been revealed to him that "we all like to shake ourselves free from fetters, and will plunge about, and often break many laws, to do so; but let the fetters be removed, and the cause of our rebellion disappear, and we become quiet, peaceful men and boys." How new it all is! and O, how true! "It is ever thus," Mr. Morrison reflects as early as on his fourteenth page, "with art, music, and literature; those who succeed most, according to the world's standard, sigh most at their own inability to express intelligently all that they feel." 'Tis a shrewd and pregnant remark; but 'tis not altogether discomfiting. How seldom, for instance, Mr. Morrison himself must sigh!

Miss Peard writes English novels about France—writes them, moreover, with great care, a certain elegance of phrase, and some understanding of her subject. Unfortunately her work is dull. Here, for example, in *Madame's Granddaughter* is a book as conscientiously conceived and done as need be, and withal a book in which it is impossible to take any but the most perfunctory kind of interest. It is the story of a wicked old woman who tries to ruin the young man her grandchild loves; and it tells how her plans are thwarted by the young lady getting out of the house at night and imparting to the said young man certain information, the withholding of which would have made him a beggar. As she is not able to get back to bed again, and has to pass the night in the open air, she takes a fever, and comes near to dying. But

* *La Marchesa; and other Tales.* By Paul Heyse. Translated by John Phillips. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.

Brotherhood: a Study from Life. By David McLaren Morrison. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1887.

Madame's Granddaughter. By Frances Mary Peard. London: Hatchards. 1887.

Radua; or, the Great Conspiracy of 1881. By Princess Olga. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

everything is made right in the end:—the young man being left to marry Another, whom he loves; while Madame's grandchild (Madame herself being dead) is rewarded with great wealth and the capacity of developing a Christian frame of mind. The place of the story, it should be noted, is the Riviera; and as the author's descriptions of Riviera scenery are neat and pretty, so her studies of Riviera manners and character are pretty and neat. Apart, indeed, from its inherent tediousness, *Madame's Granddaughter* is clever and sound enough. If one could but read it, it would certainly be good reading.

"The great chieftain of the rocky Valdais lifts his brown coronet above a lovely summer scene, looking southward over his dominions." In this vein does Princess Olga begin her *Kadna*, and in this vein does she continue to the bitter end. Fortunately (for her eloquence is really overpowering) the story is contained in a single volume. Within these narrow limits, however, Princess Olga contrives to get rid of a good deal of high-flown sentiment, much imagination, and some—a little—bad grammar. Her lovely heroine, the Countess Stetzka, is a Pole; her high-souled hero, Stanzi Loris Prince O—, is half a Russian; and her difficulty is to bring these two together, and unite them in the bonds of holy matrimony. Of course she succeeds at last; but to do so she is obliged to pass through such a complication of caves, gipsies, bombshells, snowstorms, explosions, Nihilism, and Third-Sectionism as is really indescribable. One of her points of view is decidedly original. She holds that what is wrong with Russia is neither Nihilism, nor Absolutism, but Bureaucratism, pure and simple. The late Czar, for instance, meant nobly; and, but for his officials, he would have done as nobly as he meant. It was his design to place himself at the head of his people and play the devil with Officialism. But Officialism was too strong and too cunning for him. It invented the Nihilist; it developed conspiracy after conspiracy; and finally, it achieved its purpose, and not only "shattered a great institution and wrecked the hopes of millions," but "killed an old man, and left a heart desolate." The old man was Alexander II.; the heart was that of Loris's mother, Princess O—, in whom, it appears, we are asked to recognize His Majesty'smorganatic wife. Princess Olga's portrait of this lady is painted in the richest and softest colours; for that of "the arch-fiend Horritoff," in whom bureaucracy is incarnate, as for that of the lady who earwigs English statesmen by giving herself out as a secret agent of Russia, she employs a different palette.

KEARY'S ANGLO-SAXON COINS.*

IN this very valuable and carefully compiled catalogue of the earliest series of English coins after the departure of the Romans, Mr. Keary treats of the period beginning with the introduction of Christianity into Southern Britain (c. 600 A.D.), and ending with the division of the once powerful kingdom of Mercia in 877, when the whole of England north of the Thames had fallen into the hands of the Vikings or Danes. This period of less than three centuries is extraordinarily rich in varied types, struck by a very large number of chieftains, some of whom are only known from the record supplied by their coinage.

Mr. Keary, in his very interesting introduction, divides the coins of this almost prehistoric period into different classes, of which the most important are, first, the large series of *scattas*, usually struck in silver, but in a few cases in gold. This forms, as Mr. Keary says, the first distinctly English coinage. The word *scat*, connected with the Teutonic *Schatz*, means an object of value, and hence payment. It still survives in the phrases "scot and lot" and "paying the shot." The name *scat* occurs in Anglo-Saxon literature as early as about 600—meaning a piece of coined money. The majority of these *scattas* are of uncertain date and attribution, and have no intelligible legend; but their designs are often very interesting, showing, as they do, the combined influence of several different styles, such as the debased Roman of the fourth century, the vigorous Byzantine of the age of Justinian and onwards, the contemporary Frankish or Merovingian style, and, lastly, the highly decorative grotesques of the Irish and Northern Celts. One remarkable type has on one side a very rude copy of a third brass of Constantine, with the common device of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, and on the other a very spirited figure of a bird "displayed," to use a heraldic term, between two fruit-bearing vines—a highly decorative composition closely resembling the Byzantine sculptured roundels which stud the façades of so many early palaces in Venice. Other types have a profile bust in various degrees of rudeness, with the reverse of a standing figure holding a tall cross in each hand. The Celtic influence is specially seen in the reverses with snakes or dragon-like monsters, and interlaced patterns, which, as Mr. Keary points out, recall the elaborate labyrinthine designs with which the Book of Kells and other seventh-century Celtic MSS. are so magnificently decorated. In the main these *scattas* belong to the seventh and early part of the eighth centuries; among the rare legible inscriptions which enable a fixed date to be given are the names of two kings of Mercia, Pado and Æthelred, sons of King Penda, who reigned in the second half of the seventh century. A few half-intelligible legends are in Runic characters, but most are

hopelessly blundered. One very curious type of *scat*, struck in London, has the legend *LYNDONIA*, which occurs in many more or less blundered forms. The most legible examples have the profile bust on the obverse, and the standing figure with the tall cross on the reverse, apparently a rude copy of a gold *solidus* of the Emperor Honorius. The presence of the word *Lyndonia* on these *scattas* suggests, as Mr. Keary points out, that at this period London was to some extent an autonomous city. It is noticeable that the London *scattas* are of very debased silver, in some cases little better than copper or *billon*.

Among the very rare gold coins of this early period is a unique example of quite different size and appearance from the usual *scattas*. This is a fairly good copy of a gold coin of Honorius, with a portrait bust on the obverse, and on the reverse a full length of the Emperor holding a standard and a statuette of Victory, and trampling on a fallen enemy. Part of the legend is simply a blundered copy of the original inscription with the name and titles of Honorius, but the other part is in neatly formed Runic letters, which read *SCANOMODU*, interpreted by Mr. Keary as the name of a person. This inscription is of special interest, as, according to Dr. Wimmer of Copenhagen, it is the oldest of all known English Runic inscriptions. The date of this curious piece is probably about the year 600 A.D. Next in order, according to Mr. Keary's classification, comes the series of silver pennies struck by kings of Mercia, beginning with King Offa (757-796), and ending with Ceolwulf II. (874-877). Thirdly, the coinage of Kent, consisting of two series of coins, one, the pennies struck by the kings (c. 765-825), and the other series issued by the Archbishops of Canterbury (c. 766-914). Fourthly, the coinage of East Anglia, also regal (c. 760-890) and ecclesiastical, the latter series consisting of silver memorial pennies struck at the end of the ninth and beginning of the tenth century in honour of the martyr king St. Edmund. The last three classes consist solely of silver pennies, which were the only coins struck south of Northumbria, after the *scattas* were no longer issued. As in those days the purchasing value of the large silver penny was very high, there must have been a great want of smaller currency. This Mr. Keary thinks was supplied by large numbers of Roman third brasses and *minimi*, enormous quantities of which have been, and still are being, found in Britain. The length of time during which coins can remain in circulation is very remarkable; even now in Morocco, where any pieces of copper or silver circulate as small change, it is not uncommon to find Roman third brasses among a handful of copper money, and even older Greek silver coins, in an almost wholly obliterated condition, sometimes occur in the same way.

Mr. Keary's fifth class is the coinage of Northumbria, consisting partly of a series of silver pennies dating from the time of the Danish Conquest, and partly of a series of coins of a quite different type and form. These are small copper coins known as *stycas*, literally "pieces"; in general shape and size copied from the Roman bronze *minimi*. The *stycas*, like the Kentish silver pennies, fall into two classes:—Regal *stycas*, from c. 670 to 867, when King Osberht was defeated and killed by the Danes at York; and ecclesiastical *stycas*, issued by the Archbishops of York from about 734-c. 867. The *stycas* are less interesting for variety of type than the silver *scattas*, as in most cases the legend forms the only device; the letters being formed in a large decorative way, so as to leave very little space within their circle. Some of the *stycas*, however, have strange beasts on the reverse, mostly a horse of the thin weasel-like form that we see in the Saxon horse cut on the Berkshire White Horse Hill.

The convenience of this small copper coinage must have been very great, especially when the old Roman coins became scarce; and yet, strange to say, no more copper money was struck in England till the reign of James I.; in fact, from the ninth century till the reign of Edward III. the silver penny was the only current coin in England, nothing of either higher or lower denomination being issued—a great contrast to the British period at the time of the Roman Conquest, when coins of many values, in gold, silver, and copper, were struck by several of the British kings. With regard to the issue of so exceptional a thing as a copper coinage in Northumbria, Mr. Keary writes:—"It is generally acknowledged by numismatists that the use of copper in place of silver, in the district north of the Humber, is due to the existence of a greater number of Roman copper coins in this part of the country." And yet, as Mr. Keary points out, the earliest coinage of Northumbria was a silver one, derived from the *scat* series. "It is only after the *scattas* have been superseded by the pennies that the Northumbrian coins take a quite distinctive character, and become henceforth almost always of copper." One very exceptional coin (Pl. xxiii. 6) was struck by an Archbishop of York, Wigmund (837-854?). It is a very neatly executed gold *solidus*, with, on the obverse, a full-faced bust of the Archbishop, with tonsured head, in unusually high relief. The pall is distinctly indicated over his shoulders; the legend is *VIGMUND ARCHIEP* (Archi-episcopus). On the reverse is a cross *pattée* within a wreath, with the legend *MYNVS. DIVINVM*. The form of the letters and the whole treatment of the design show great taste, and, in a simple way, is highly decorative. A similar full-faced bust occurs on many of the silver pennies struck by the Archbishops of Canterbury. With one exception, the tonsure is indicated on all the heads; one only—a penny struck by Æthelred, archbishop from 870 to 889—has an ordinary secular bust in profile, with a fillet binding the hair, apparently a copy of a contemporary regal head.

* A Catalogue of English Coins in the British Museum.—Anglo-Saxon Series. Vol. I. By Charles Francis Keary, M.A., F.S.A. Printed by Order of the Trustees.

The right of striking coins of small denomination was a privilege of the English archbishops, which lasted as late as Henry VIII.'s reign. One of the acts of presumption on the part of Wolsey which specially annoyed the King was his striking groats, on the reverse of which a cardinal's hat was placed in a rather conspicuous way, as well as his initials, T. W. Shakespeare includes this in the list of charges against Wolsey:—"Suffolk. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin." Many other archbishops had struck coins marked with their badges and initials, and Wolsey's offence was rather that he struck coins of as high a value as a groat than the placing on it his cardinal's hat.

Regarded as works of art, by far the most noteworthy series is that of the silver pennies struck by Offa, King of Mercia, from 757 to 796. With Offa begins the series of English pennies. As Mr. Keary says, "We may give him the credit of introducing the new coinage of pennies into this country, a coinage which is in itself a monument of the art of Offa's reign." Moreover, the issue of silver pennies in other English kingdoms appears to have been copied from the series inaugurated by Offa. Mr. Keary draws special attention to this important point:—"It will be observed that all the mints from which issued a coinage of pennies during the latter years of the eighth century were subject to, or under the immediate influence of, Mercia—namely, those of the kings of East Anglia and Kent, and the Archiepiscopal mint at Canterbury. Wessex, the only kingdom south of the Humber which preserved its independence, issued no coinage before the accession of Egbert in 802." Offa was a man of very exceptional ability in many different directions; he was not only a military conqueror with real political talent, but was foremost among the early lawgivers of England, so that his codification of the laws of Mercia was probably adopted as the groundwork for the laws of King Alfred.

Judging from the workmanship and designs of his coins, a very important stimulus to English art must have been given during his reign. Mr. Keary points out that "Offa's pieces may, on the whole, be pronounced artistically superior to any series of coins struck in this country before the reign of Henry VII." This remark is probably meant to refer to the silver coinage only; fine as Offa's pennies are, we can hardly compare them to the elaborate richness of the gold noble series beginning with Edward III., or even the gold angels of Edward IV. Offa's pennies are remarkable for the beauty of the profile busts on the obverse, heads which, though partly copied from the Roman gold solidi, yet, as Mr. Keary says, "are distinctly original in character, and are really fine examples of Anglo-Saxon art." The reverse types are very varied; many have ingeniously designed geometrical patterns, with different forms of floreated crosses and stars, which in some cases form a sort of flower-like design, admirably adapted for the special purpose; others have the Celtic or Scandinavian serpent, twined into a sort of heraldic knot. The legends on Offa's pennies are exceptionally full; on some types the obverse reads OFFA . REX . MERCIORVM. The reverse usually has the moneyer's name, as guarantee for the purity of the metal. A few rare pennies, of very curious type, were struck by Offa's Queen after his death, in the year 796; they have the legend CYNETHRYD . REGINA on the reverse, while on the obverse is the Queen's bust in profile, with long ringletted hair, and, instead of her name, that of the moneyer, Eoba.

The Northumbrian silver pennies struck by the Danish invaders have some very interesting types. A penny struck at York by King Guthred, who on his coins is called CNVT, has on the reverse a copy of Charlemagne's monogram (KAROLVS), closely copied from a Frankish coin. Other devices were introduced by the Viking invaders themselves, such as a battle standard, the hammer of Thor, and their military ensign, the raven. One penny, doubtfully attributed by Mr. Keary to the Norse Regnald Godfredsson, c. 943, has the Byzantine symbol for the first Person of the Trinity—an open hand giving the benediction—a very common device on the Byzantine sculptured archivolts of Venice, where it usually occurs at the apex of the arch, worked into a floreated scroll pattern of great beauty. This coin also has the Charlemagne monogram, though in a degraded form.

A large number of silver pennies, or "Peter's pence," were struck at York during the Danish occupation. These have on the obverse the name of St. Peter, SANCTI PETRI (MONETA), more or less contracted; and on the reverse the name of the city, Eboracæ. The principal device on many of these is a sword, a symbol which one would expect to find associated with the name of St. Paul rather than that of St. Peter.

With regard to the general art progress, or rather decadence, of the English coinage, Mr. Keary writes:—"The art upon the coinage continually deteriorates from the time of Offa till the end of the ninth century. As has been said above, this fact must not be looked upon merely as an evidence of declining civilization, though in part it is this. The greater use of a coinage generally tends to diminish its artistic merit." The method employed by the English moneyers for striking their coins seems to have been the same as that of most countries in early times. One die was firmly fixed with its face upwards; on that the metal blank was laid, and a second die held upon it was then struck by a hammer till both sides received the imprint. As the Anglo-Saxon coins were in very low relief, this could be done with ease. Among the ancient Greeks the thick coins in high relief appear to have been first cast, and the impression then sharpened by the dies and hammer. Some of the Anglo-Saxon silver pennies are remarkable

for their neat edges, fairly accurate circles, slightly broadened along the rim. Mr. Keary suggests that this form was given, not by striking the blank within a collar, as was done in later times, but "by gathering up the coins in rouleaux, and giving these rouleaux some sharp blows with the hammer all round the edges of the coins."

The Catalogue itself is a marvel of minute exactness, and must have involved an amount of wearisome labour which most probably will never be fully appreciated. It may be doubted whether the reproduction of such minutiae as the positions of the dots in the legends, . . , . . and the like, was worth the trouble it must have entailed.

The long lists of Moneyers' names may have a special value; they give probably as many names as could be collected from the whole corpus of Anglo-Saxon charters, and would afford rich materials to any future scholar who may compile an *Onomasticon Anglo-Saxonicum*, such as Förstemann's *Deutsche Eigennamen*. They also have a special interest as giving names of a lower social class than those in most charters, which usually deal chiefly with persons of distinction.

In addition to his minute and carefully-arranged catalogue, Mr. Keary's elaborate introductory essay contains a large amount of most interesting matter connected with several different subjects, showing a very intimate knowledge of the history and language both of the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian races. This introduction contains, among other things, a very complete abstract of this little known period of English history, and also some very important notes on the palæography of coin legends. The whole work is a very creditable one, fully worthy of its author's high reputation in this branch of study. It is copiously illustrated by thirty autotype plates, which, for all ordinary purposes of study, answer the purpose as well as if the reader had before him the coins themselves; though somewhat costly to produce, it is well worth the additional expenditure to have such absolutely faithful representations as this photographic process can alone supply.

HISTORIANS OF THE CHURCH OF YORK.—I. & II.*

EACH of these two volumes contains some hitherto unprinted matter, along with much that, though printed in earlier collections, has now for the first time been edited in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The first, which was published some years ago, and which we have delayed noticing in the hope that it would speedily be followed by the volume that we have at last the pleasure of welcoming, opens with the "Life of Bishop Wilfrith," by Eddi the Choirmaster, who was brought by Wilfrith from Kent into Northumbria to teach the Roman system of chanting in the churches of the North. Eddi's work, which was used by Beda, is one of the very earliest of our ecclesiastical biographies, and is full of interest; for, though the writer saw no fault in his master, the picture that he draws for us, while representing Wilfrith as a man of commanding strength of will, indomitable courage, and great personal holiness, shows that his character was not without some points of weakness. It is easy to see how it was that, though he was so often victorious, he failed again and again to reap the fruits of victory, and why his enemies were so bitter against him. He clung jealously to power, and was self-confident, overbearing, and careless of the feelings of others. As the biography has already been printed in the collections of Mabillon, Gale, and Giles, it is needless to dwell on it here. Several minor incidents give life to the story, such as the notices of Queen Eormenburh, who, when the Bishop was imprisoned by her husband Egfrith, used his reliquary for an ornament, and wore it, not merely when she went out driving, but even in bed—a sin for which she was punished by being possessed with a devil while on a visit to Coldingham. The Abbess Eebbe explained the cause of her malady, which was perhaps epilepsy, and her recovery was attributed to Wilfrith's prayers. This brings us to a matter in which the learned editor, Canon Raine, has certainly failed to exercise his usual care. Another of Wilfrith's miracles is told on the authority of an Abbess Eebbe, who, Eddi says, was alive when he was writing. Canon Raine quotes the opinion of Mabillon that this was not the famous Abbess of Coldingham, and adds that he "cannot agree with him." Beda, however, who tells the story of the burning of Coldingham in 679, distinctly says that it took place after the death of Eebbe, when the inmates, monks as well as nuns—for the congregation consisted of persons of both sexes—had again fallen back into their former worldly mode of life; and as Eddi wrote, as Canon Raine points out in his preface, about 710, the Eebbe who was then alive could not have been the founder of Coldingham. Of the other works contained in this volume that have been printed elsewhere Aleuin's "Poem on the Bishops of York" is by far the most important, and is of special value when dealing with the author's own time, when the brothers Eadbert and Egbert ruled over Northumbria, the one as king, the other as archbishop, and when Æthelbert (Albert) carried on Egbert's work, and raised the church, the school, and the library of York to their highest pitch of glory, before civil strife and the desolation

* *The Historians of the Church of York and its Archbishops.* Edited by James Raine, M.A., D.C.L., Canon of York. I. & II. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co.

wrought by the Scandinavian invasions plunged the Northumbrian Church in darkness. Above all, this volume includes the hitherto unprinted Life of Archbishop Oswald, described by Bishop Stubbs as "an invaluable and almost unknown authority for the reigns of Edgar and Ethelred." Among various other matters of interest the anonymous author points out Bishop Æthelwold and King Eadgar himself as the prime agents in the introduction of Benedictine monachism, and by his very silence illustrates the secondary part taken in it by Dunstan. The account he gives of the coronation of Eadgar at Bath shows that the ceremony was not merely one of the ordinary occasions on which the King wore his crown at the great festivals; he says nothing of any previous penance, and so confirms the theory that this was not a second coronation, but the performance of a rite long delayed, and that it was significant of the completion of national unity; and he seems to give countenance to the idea that some impediment had existed to the marriage of Eadgar and Ælfthryth (Elfrida), and that after the lapse of about ten years it was recognized by the Church at the coronation; for he ends his account of the ceremonies with the words "peractis egregiis nuptiis regalis thori, reversi sunt omnes in locum suum, benedictentes regem pariter et reginam." The existence of such impediment would account for the mistake of later writers who connect the coronation with a penance said to have been performed by Eadgar for his seduction of the veiled lady of Wilton, and would afford a basis for the legend told by William of Malmesbury of the murder of Ælfthryth's first husband, the eldest son of Æthelstan of East Anglia, called the "half-king," who was certainly one of the royal kin. The biographer also records several new particulars of the struggle that took place on the death of Eadgar; he is the earliest authority for the details of the murder of Eadward the Martyr, and tells us some interesting facts about the ill-fated young King.

Although Canon Raine gives an admirable preface to his first volume of *Historians*, in which he describes the leading characteristics of the Church of York down to the break-up of the Northumbrian overlordship after the death of Egfrith in 685, and promises a preface of the same kind to his second volume, he has found his subject too large for the space at his disposal, and we have, therefore, to be contented with a short introduction to each of the many pieces it contains. While a complete sketch of the history of the Northern Church, even down to the Conquest, would certainly have far exceeded the limits of a preface, he might, we think, at least have attempted to discuss some one or more of the phases of ecclesiastical history represented by his authors. No one, probably, save the Bishop of Chester, is so thoroughly competent to deal with the affairs of the Northern province, and while we grudge the loss of a pleasant and profitable treatise to which we had long looked forward, we are glad to be informed that he is about to give "a separate treatment of their own" to some portions of the annals of the city and See of York. The principal contents of his second volume are four Lives of St. Oswald, presenting, like all good hagiographical works, some small points of interest on which we cannot enter here, the history of the dispute between the Sees of Canterbury and York, by Hugh the Chantor, printed here for the first time in its entirety, and a new edition of "The Chronicle of the Archbishops of York," the whole of which, save the third part, hitherto unpublished, has usually been ascribed to Thomas Stubbs. The work of Hugh Sottovagina, or Sottewain, chantor or precentor of York, who wrote in the reign of Stephen, gives a long account of the resistance made to the claims of Canterbury by the first four Archbishops of York who held the See after the death of Ealdred in 1069. It presents us for the first time with the full details of the controversy from the point of view of the York Chapter; for hitherto we have only had the Yorkist side represented by the short notices to be found in Symeon of Durham and in the Chronicle printed by Twysden as the work of Stubbs, while Canterbury has had its tale told at length by the contemporary historian Eadmer. The case of the York Chapter rested on the decree of Pope Gregory, who ordered that the two English archbishoprics should be of equal dignity; that when a new archbishop was elected to either see, he should be consecrated by him who held the other, and that the archbishop who was first consecrated should have the precedence. The See of York, however, had not held metropolitan rank from the time of its first occupant, Paulinus, to the grant of the pall to Egbert, and even then had been distinctly subordinate to Canterbury on to the time of the Norman Conquest. The question of the profession of obedience, which was fought on the Yorkist side almost as though it were, to quote Canon Raine's words, "a matter of life and death," is chiefly interesting to us as it bears on the relations between this country and the Papacy. Thomas of Bayeux, the successor of Ealdred, had no chance of success against the overwhelming influence of Lanfranc, who warned the Conqueror that a primate of the Church of York might crown some Danish, Norwegian, or Scottish invader as king over the northern part of his kingdom. William, therefore, compelled Thomas to profess personal obedience to Lanfranc at his consecration, while the right of Lanfranc's successors was to be settled by the Pope in accordance with the ancient custom. Our Yorkist historian insists strongly on the personal character of this profession, and we must go to the Letters of Lanfranc and to Eadmer and other Canterbury writers for the story which records how Thomas's defeat was completed; for Hugh generally suppresses all inconvenient facts. Again, according to his account, Thomas refused to consecrate Anselm as "primate of all Britain," and obtained the omission of the

phrase "in primatem," consecrating him simply to the metropolitan See of Canterbury, whereas Eadmer, who is surely the better authority, tells us that his objection applied to the title "metropolitan of all Britain," and that he consecrated Anselm "ut totius Britannie primatem," a difference of no small importance. His successor Gerard upheld his rights vigorously at the Council of Westminster; for, finding that the monks had set up a single throne for Anselm, "Dei odium ei qui sic paraverat vulgariter oras," he kicked the seat over. Yet he, too, according to Eadmer and Gervase, professed canonical obedience. In the dispute between Anselm and Thomas II. it is interesting to find it suggested that Henry I. was swayed by personal dislike to the Archbishop, who had opposed him in the matter of Investitures. This Thomas had a bad time of it, for his Chapter threatened to disown him if he yielded, while, on the other hand, after Anselm's death, the King declared he would banish him and all his kindred if he did not make the profession, and the Papal legate, who was sent over to settle the matter, seems to have shuffled disgracefully and to have given him no help. Besides we are told that he was too fat to endure exile and fatigue, and so he too yielded at last. Thurstan, the next Archbishop of York, was a man of another mould. He was upheld in his refusal to profess obedience by Paschal II. in opposition to Henry as well as to Ralph of Canterbury, who destroyed any chance he might have had with the Pope by the unguarded remark, "omnia esse venalia Romæ," which the York Chapter took care to report to Paschal. For a long time Henry prevented Thurstan from going to Rome to plead his cause. At last Calixtus II. managed to secure his attendance at the Council of Rheims, and while he was there consecrated him himself; so Thurstan obtained his dignity without professing obedience to Canterbury. Henry forbade him to return to England, and a long quarrel ensued, in the course of which the Pope actually declared the kingdom under an interdict until the Archbishop was restored to his rights. Calixtus and Thurstan evidently outmanoeuvred the King, though there can be little doubt that Henry was not altogether unwilling to be reconciled to so able a man as Thurstan was. Several passages in Hugh's work are worth noting, and among them the assertion that, when the Scottish bishops endeavoured to obtain the pall for the Bishop of St. Andrews, Honorius II. accepted Thurstan's doctrine, "Scotiam de regno Angliæ esse, et regem Scottorum de Scotia hominem esse regi Angliæ"—an interesting contribution to the history of the relations between the two Crowns. In re-editing "The Chronicle of the Archbishops of York," Canon Raine points out that the first part down to 1147 is not the work of Stubbs, who lived in the reign of Edward III., but was written about a century and a half before his day, and that we probably have Stubbs's own work only from 1147 to 1373, and he has for the first time printed a continuation of the Chronicle containing notices of the archbishops from Neville to Wolsey.

LEAVES FROM MY CHINESE SCRAP-BOOK.*

"THAT there are great countries in the world with long and eventful histories of which not one man in ten thousand knows the smallest trifle is a statement which no one acquainted with China will dispute." So says Mr. Balfour in the first chapter of his entertaining volume, and before we have read many pages we are convinced that he is one of the few who have something new to say about the Middle Kingdom. It would be unfair to class Mr. Balfour with the giant Sinologues of the past. He does not stand in the same line with Morrison, Medhurst, Wells, Williams, or Wylie. These tower above the men of the present day, and we view their achievements as the late Lord Strangford did the efforts of certain "huge male geographers" on a show night in Burlington House. Still he has worked hard at the language and literature of China, and has had helps and advantages of which the hardy pioneers in Sinology knew nothing. Besides, whatever he writes is easy to read, and he never selects topics that are hackneyed and outworn. He has given us two hundred and fifteen pages about China without referring to compressed feet or the opium traffic. He does not borrow from the *Chinese Repository* or the *Lettres Édiñantes*, but goes to original authorities, and gives us what he has to give at first hand. The style of the Scrap-book is fluent, perhaps, as Mr. Brass would say, "verging on the confines" of flippancy. We object to seeing "Mr." prefixed to Chinese names of venerable antiquity, and the slang phrase "Right you are" (p. 209) is out of keeping with the rest of the dialogue in the graceful fairy-tale which concludes the volume. "Flash-finger" (*micare digitis*) would perhaps be a better translation than "gamble-finger" of the Chinese word for that version of the Italian game of *Mora* which is so popular at Peking tea-shops. After making allowance for these slight blemishes, we may best commend Mr. Balfour's book to those interested by describing its contents.

There are twenty leaves on his pagoda-tree, and on many of these are written facts and legends which have never been printed in English before. The account of the first Emperor Shih Huang Ti is perhaps the most important paper in the volume. Certainly it describes a sovereign who has left an indelible impression on

* *Leaves from my Chinese Scrap-book.* By F. H. Balfour. London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

the history of Asia, for he did three things. He united the petty States under one head and founded the Empire of China. He built the Great Wall, and he burnt the Books. Mr. Balfour may be pardoned and perhaps praised for hurrying over the battles and massacres which were necessary to accomplish the hard task of welding the rival kingdoms of Ts'in, Yen, and Chow into one compact dominion. He has no information to give about the construction of the world-renowned barrier against invasion; for the lamentable poverty of all the native histories sends him back, after laboriously tracing the streams to their source, to report that only a dribble is to be found dropping from the fountain-head. The building of the Great Wall is dismissed with a bare mention of the fact in about a couple of lines of large type. "In the thirty-second year of his reign"—B.C. 215—"the general Mêng T'ien drove out the invading Huns at the head of 300,000 soldiers, and took possession of the modern province of Honan, dividing it into forty-four departments. He then built the Great Wall, extending it over hill and dale from the western extremity of Shan-si as far as Kuan-tung in Manchuria; thus covering a stretch of country ten thousand *li* in length."

Of the third exploit of the Chinese Tamerlane, the burning of the Books, more is to be told. The object of this measure was to strike a decisive blow at the veneration for antiquity which was even in the second century before Christ the besetting sin of the Chinese people. The mode in which the Emperor carried out his design was truly Oriental. He gathered a vast assembly of princes and nobles, gave them a superb banquet, and then invited any who might wish to do so to offer their opinion on the general policy of his government, declaring, in the frankest way, that he should be glad to receive any criticism or suggestion which might be offered for his consideration. The silence which followed this extraordinary speech from the throne was broken by a courtier, one Chow-Tsing-chên, who declared that there was nothing that could be altered for the better in the Imperial rule. Then appears the sturdy, outspoken critic who will not agree with the prophets who prophesy smooth things, but who draws a startling comparison between the existing state of affairs and the old feudal system which preceded it greatly to the disadvantage of the Emperor and his policy. Shih Huang Ti enjoys the remarks of this candid friend about as much as Lear enjoyed the remonstrances of Kent; but he says little, and calls on Li Ssü for his opinion. The courtier responds to the invitation by the speech which embodied the famous proposal for burning all antiquated books whatsoever. This was done, and the writings of the sages were destroyed. The measure was short-sighted, and, according to Mr. Balfour, productive of the worst results; for, in the first place, a sufficient number of copies of the revered writings were preserved to keep their doctrines alive, and so the maxims the Emperor designed to erase from the recollection of the people were preserved and regarded with more superstitious respect than they had ever been before; and in the second place, the character of the Emperor was so bad that he associated in the national mind the name of progress with cruelty and tyranny:—

The mischief worked by Ts'in Shih Huang, however, is well nigh irreparable; for he has inspired in the Chinese mind a rooted and consummate horror of change. Apart from his depravity, Shih Huang Ti aspired to be, and was, a great reformer. He sought to build the world afresh; to substitute new and better things for old ones, to wean men's minds from their slavish adherence to the past; to instil into them the great truth that intellect and energy must march with the times; and to remodel worn-out institutions on a new basis. Was not this admirable? Was it not, indeed, the very thing that China needs to-day, and that we foreigners are spasmodically attempting to bring about? And yet the entire scheme was frustrated and brought into lasting disrepute by the selfishness, tyranny, and barbarity of its projector.

The next paper of importance is an account of Lieh-tzu, who is reputed to have been one of the earliest and most illustrious disciples of Lao-tzu, the founder of the Taoist philosophy. Mr. Balfour, who is an authority on Taoism, considers this imposing figure as a sort of Isaac Bickerstaffe, the literary creation of a sect or school, and so he names the chapter which treats of the writings that bear his name "A philosopher who never lived." From the work attributed to him, the *Chung Hsu Ching*, or "Sutra of Fulness and Emptiness," he gives a page or two of metaphysical speculation and a characteristic collection of stories. Here is a specimen:—

"There was once a man in Han-tan who presented a live pigeon to Chien-tzu at dawn one New Year's Day. Chien-tzu was delighted, and rewarded him liberally. A visitor asked him his reason for acting thus. "Because," said Chien-tzu, "it gives me an opportunity of releasing a captive bird; and to set living creatures free on New Year's morning is a special manifestation of mercy." The visitor replied, "But if the people know that your excellency is so fond of setting birds at liberty, they will vie with each other in catching them to begin with and numbers of the birds will die. If your object is to save their lives, would it not be better to forbid the people to catch them at all? First to catch them in order to let them go afterwards is surely to destroy the just proportions of good and evil." Then Chien-tzu acknowledged that his visitor was right.

There are many odds and ends of information in Mr. Balfour's pages. He tells us how Chinese gardeners manure peach-trees with snow, and destroy the insects which prey upon them by pouring over the roots a cold decoction of pig's head. We learn also that amongst the Chinese a faint aroma of sanctity hallows the hedgehog; that fox-myths, which are to be found all over the world, are deeply rooted in the minds of the black-haired people; that all stables should face the south, and that no horse should ever be reared in the neighbourhood of silkworms. The reader

interested in the Corea may find all about the Cold-wind Cavern, the Ineradicable Forest, the Floating Stone, and the Warm Rock, wonders which have a strong flavour of the *Arabian Nights*. Last, but not least, the chapter on the Flower Fairies suggests a motive for many a Chinese picture on fan and fire-screen which hitherto has been as unintelligible as the ins-and-outs of the harlequinade. Henceforth we shall see in the familiar feast in the Kiosk a representation of the banquet which Hsüan-wei gave to the Lady Wind, and in the group of old men sitting on mats and confabulating with extended hands, Tsiu, and his cronies, Yü and Shan, telling the story of Chang and his villainies. These beautiful fables, which it would be unfair to abridge, confirm us in our belief that underlying the ceremonial crust there is a passion for nature and simplicity in the Chinaman's heart which is a sign of good augury for the future of the nation. The idea that a man is elevated by the love of flowers, and secures by tending them the protection of the spirits of the garden, is a very refined imagination, and one we should not find amongst a people utterly prosaic and coarse-minded. Indeed, these stories reveal a side of Chinese character which is not recognized or appealed to sufficiently, and in giving us a glimpse of it by these charming translations Mr. Balfour has done a real service to the people amongst whom he has lived so long, and whose character and literature he has studied to such excellent purpose.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.*

THE musical season in New York reviewed in Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's well-printed and convenient volume extended from October 1886 to April 1887, and was of exceptional activity and interest. Sixty-one performances of fourteen operas in German were given at the Metropolitan Opera House. There were also given for the first time by various other companies *Ruddigore*, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, *Indiana*, at the Star, and Rubinstein's *Nero*; and among first performances of oratorios and cantatas must be named Liszt's *Christus*, Hummel's *Columbus*, Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, Max Bruch's *Achilles*, Rheinberger's *Die Rosen von Hildesheim*, and a presentment in cantata form of *Les Troyens à Carthage*, arranged by Mr. Krehbiel. Numerous orchestral novelties were given at the well-known Popular Concerts of Mr. Theodore Thomas, at the concerts of the Symphony Society, the Philharmonic Society, and other musical associations, whose programmes need only a cursory examination to show the importance of New York among centres of music. The achievements of this busy season find an able critic and chronicler in Mr. Krehbiel, the music critic of the *New York Tribune*, extracts from whose journalistic work form the staple of a compilation which we should be glad to see accepted, with certain modifications, as the model for a much-needed annual record of musical enterprise in London. The plan is excellent, the matter well arranged and full of instruction. As an inclusive and methodical book for reference Mr. Krehbiel's record will be found scarcely less useful here than in New York. It gives a full list of musical events in chronological sequence, with programmes, places of performance, names of executants, the critic himself only intervening when novelties are chronicled, and the whole record is supplemented by a retrospective summary which comprises suggestive and curious statistics, not without value as an index to educational progress and current tendencies in public taste. Against the practice of reproducing newspaper criticism in a chronicle of this kind there is something to be urged, which, as it is sufficiently obvious, may be left unsaid. It would not be opportune on this occasion, even if it were possible, to deal with Mr. Krehbiel's criticisms. Dissenting from them as we do in certain matters, they are unquestionably the product of remarkable independence and insight. His criticism of Mme. Patti's *Carmen* is positively refreshing, and his remarks (pp. 201-204) on Beethoven's belief in the metronome, in connexion with Herr Seidl's interpretation of the Symphonies, show that a conservative antagonism to mere lawlessness is quite compatible with an intense faith in the advanced school of composers and interpreters. It is, therefore, from no lack of appreciation of the critic's learning and judgment that attention is primarily directed to the merits of his book as a compilation rather than to the literary and critical qualities of his commentary. Mr. Krehbiel's style is commendably lucid and sober on the whole, though he occasionally falls into an ugly phraseology, as when he speaks of "the public paying in the neighbourhood of \$12,000" (p. 180), and "the receipts for the six performances were in the vicinity of \$70,000" (p. 200), and "genius is never appreciated when first it presents itself" (p. 192). Writing of Mme. Lehmann's impersonation of Isolde, that excellent singer is inelegantly said to have "abandoned herself without reservation to a publication of the contents of the character." There is a good deal of humour, perhaps unconscious, in another observation on the same artist's performance in *Tristan and Isolde*: "she proved that the poet-composer's music can be sung in spite of the fact that it is not written for the mere exhibition of sensuous beauty of tone, and that its proper interpretation calls for painful sacrifice" (p. 55). There must be not a few singers who have already realized the bitter end of the "painful sacrifice" in a ruined voice. Mr. Krehbiel, however, though a staunch Wagnerite, is no bigot. He writes with much intelligence on the

* Review of the *New York Musical Season, 1886-7*. By H. E. Krehbiel. New York and London: Novello, Ewer, & Co. 1887.

present condition of Italian opera, and does not believe it is in immediate danger of being snuffed out. He knows his Berlioz, too, as his interesting papers on *Les Troyens* and *Roméo et Juliette* prove, and seeing that the production of the former work appears as far off as the revival of Gluck, it is only natural to hope that his cantata adaptation of *Les Troyens à Carthage* may yet be given by some enterprising conductor of London concerts.

SOCIALISM AND COMMON SENSE.*

THE book before us reminds us of an incident in Mr. W. D. Howells's novel *A Foregone Conclusion*. There an inventor brings to the hero a model of a new cannon, so constructed that it can be made to burst as soon as it falls into the hands of the enemy. The model is a marvel of ingenuity and workmanship; but as an instrument of war it has one serious defect. Long before it could be captured by an enemy it would destroy itself and such of its owners as were not too far off. So with Mr. Kempner's plan for the removal of all human want and misery and the inauguration of the Millennium. His theory has a certain plausibility, and its details are worked out with deceptive minuteness. But the value of his proposals depends upon the truth or falsehood of one central opinion, and that opinion is false. We do not wish to be understood as saying that, except for this all-important mistake, our author's views are sound and accurate. On the contrary, it is impossible to read ten pages of his work without coming upon some more or less serious blunder. Thus, to take an instance at random, he says (p. 212) that the railways on the Continent are gradually being absorbed by the State. In fact, there is no symptom of any such process being in operation; and, though the error in this case does not matter very much to his argument, still it serves to illustrate the ignorance or carelessness with which the book is written. Nor are even his smaller blunders confined to trivial matters. Besides his principal remedy for the ills which flesh is heir to, of which we have somewhat to say later, he proposes that there should be a restriction upon the right of bequest and inheritance. In order to give some idea of the kind of restriction he means, he suggests that no one should succeed to more than, say, 5,000*l.*, whether under a will or an intestacy. If he had left it there the proposal would have been sufficiently absurd and impracticable. But Mr. Kempner, though he fails to perceive the obvious objections to the scheme, yet, with perverse ingenuity, seizes upon one or two difficulties which would not perhaps have occurred to an ordinary mind, and solves them in his own peculiar fashion. For instance, he says that certain exceptions must be made to this rule limiting bequests. There are classes of objects which "possess a higher value for members of a certain family than they can possess for any one else"; and he instances dwelling-houses, especially in the country! If anything could add to the irritation of a son who received only 5,000*l.* of his father's fortune it would be the possession of a house that would probably consume a fifth of his inheritance within a year of his parent's death, and there are many English country houses which would not let him off nearly so cheaply.

But one might put up with all these absurdities—and we have only given two out of many—if the central idea of the book were of any value. This, however, is not so; in fact, Mr. Kempner's proposal, so far as it is not ridiculous, is pernicious. It has, as far as we know, only one advantage—it is capable of being stated very simply. Our author believes that all the distress from which we suffer is due to over-production. To stop this many methods might be employed. The one Mr. Kempner favours is "a regulation of the maximum working-time in all branches of industry where machinery is used, determined by the figure of consumption, by the proportion between the labour and the machinery employed, and varying according to the size of establishments" (p. 207). The proposition as it stands is fairly clear, but to prevent all possibility of mistake instances are given of the practical working of the scheme. Thus (p. 208), supposing that "a factory employing thirty men and machinery of ten-horse power would be restricted to forty-eight hours per week, then one of the same branch, working with thirty men and machinery of twenty-horse power, would be assigned a somewhat shorter time—say, forty-four hours weekly." Allowances are also to be made for the nature of the manufacture. If any product has a tendency to decline in price, time is to be shortened in all factories where it is made till the demand begins to be in excess of the supply. The only other noticeable feature in this truly wonderful plan is that hand-labour is to be as absolutely unrestricted as heretofore, because apparently it is only fair that, provided a man does not use machinery to assist him in his work, industry should receive its due reward.

We have shown by one or two instances that even in working out the details of his own schemes our author has fallen into the most grotesque mistakes, and all that remains to us of space and patience we propose to give to the examination of the principal suggestion that *Common-sense Socialism* has to offer. And here we note with pleasure that even Mr. Kempner recognizes that fixing a maximum of working-hours in every branch of manufacturing and agricultural business would be no easy matter. It is so far to his credit that, though he regards his scheme as a

panacea for all human ills, he does not think that it could be put in operation with ease, or that its effects would be immediately felt. But once in full activity it will cause want and distress to cease throughout the land, and will restore its ancient prosperity to our country. It is true, though we cannot find that Mr. Kempner has perceived it, that the immediate effect of the adoption of his proposals by England alone would be to destroy our manufactures. The whole object of the suggested regulation of working-time is to raise the price of manufactured commodities. No doubt if an English employer was not allowed to keep his men at work for more than a certain time during the day he could not turn out so large a quantity of manufactured articles as he did previously. But if he wished to sell his goods at the same price as he did before he must either reduce the wages of his men or be content with a smaller profit. Now Mr. Kempner says, and though we disagree with him we will for the purposes of the argument accept his dictum, that wages would not be reduced. It follows, therefore, that unless he raised the price of his goods the employer must submit to a diminished income. But the great difficulty of the present situation is that our manufacturers can scarcely as it is obtain a livelihood. Under Mr. Kempner's régime they would have either to starve or leave the country, and in either case the employment of labour, so far from being increased, would cease altogether. Nor would it be possible in the vast majority of instances to raise the price of manufactured goods. It is not English but foreign competition that has caused the present depression of trade. Already in many branches of industry we are undersold by Germans and Americans, and the smallest increase in the price of our productions would altogether drive them out of the market.

The objection that the present is the worst possible time to attempt to raise the price of English manufactures is so obvious that it is almost inconceivable that Mr. Kempner can have overlooked it. We will therefore assume, though there is not a whispered hint of it in *Common-sense Socialism*, that he means his scheme to be adopted by all European nations and America simultaneously. We believe that even so it is utterly unworkable. We think that any interference with freedom of contract is unadvisable, even if it should be clearly to the interest of one party to the contract. But a law that aims at making people carry on their business, not for the benefit of any particular employers or employed, but so as to raise the position of one class at the expense of another, would be simply unenforceable. We will suppose Mr. Kempner's scheme in operation, and that certain restrictions have been imposed upon the weaving industry, with the result that the price of woven goods has gone up slightly, that a greater quantity of labour is employed, and that the profits of the mill-owners have decreased. An enterprising employer calls his hands together, and says that, if they will work rather more hours a day than is legally permitted, he shall be able to give them higher wages, increase his own profits, and sell his goods cheaper. Does even Mr. Kempner imagine that the hands would be so quixotically public-spirited as to refuse such an offer? And the only possible way of preventing perpetual evasions of the law like the one we have suggested would be to maintain an army of inspectors, with all the expense and opportunities of corruption incident thereto. Indeed, the evils of government by inspectorship would be far greater than such advantages, if any, as would be conferred upon the working classes by Mr. Kempner's scheme.

Moreover, it seems at least open to question, though we cannot discuss the matter now, whether increase in the price of all commodities would in itself benefit labour and not capital. But, whether this be so or not, for the reasons we have given Mr. Kempner's suggestions are not worth the paper on which they are written. He has appealed to common sense, and unto common sense he shall go. We have no fear of the result. In so far as he is actuated by sympathy with the distresses of the poor he is doubtless to be praised. Socialism, so far as it means dislike for the present inequality of social conditions, is a feeling very natural and not very blameable. Most of us agree to some extent with the Tory who described himself as a "Socialist by sentiment, though a Conservative by conviction." But muddy thought and confused theories for the regeneration of mankind and the destruction of evil not only do no good, but are actively pernicious. They raise expectations which are incapable of fulfilment; and, by asserting the existence of a short way to perfection, they discourage that steady and persevering effort by which alone perfection can be approached.

CIVIL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.*

MR. HALDANE'S "intention," as he himself says, "has been to try to interest everyone" in the history of the science in which he is a practical proficient. With this view he has eschewed as much as possible all technical terminology, and has specially dedicated one chapter to those numerous persons who are puzzled what to do with their boys. He has also sprinkled his pages with "anecdotes which have been added to give a little animation." On the whole, he has admirably carried out his con-

* *Common-sense Socialism*. By N. Kempner. London: Swan Sonnenschein, & Co. 1887.

* *Civil and Mechanical Engineering Popularly and Socially Considered*. By J. W. C. Haldane, C.E. and M.E. With Nine Plates. London and New York: E. & F. N. Spon.

ception. Some persons may be disappointed that so much of his book is devoted to the exclusively maritime portion of his profession, and to the actual manufacture of machinery, and that he has told us comparatively few of "the fairy tales of science" which have become "eternal verities" in the hands of the great road engineers Telford, Brunel, and Stephenson. We look in vain, for instance, for any information as to the lowering of the steep hill by Dunstable. If the modern system of steam travelling by land had been foreseen this famous "cutting" would never probably have been made, and travellers by the high road would still have to climb the steep ascent immortalized by Miss Edgeworth. But though achieved for the benefit of carriage travellers, and chiefly for those journeying by His Majesty's mails, this feat of engineering was very instrumental in furthering the schemes of the railway promoters, who were able to point to it as solving a problem—by many engineers considered insolvable—and proving that to modern science such small impediments as steep hills are only impediments in the sense in which a cobweb on a rose bud is an impediment to the child who seeks to pick a flower. But science, like a snowball, *crescit eundo*, and the engineer who effected the cutting at Dunstable would probably have given a pitying smile to the fanciful enthusiast who should have dreamt of tunnelling the St. Gothard. Like most of us, Mr. Haldane is struck with wonder by the fact that in ancient Greece and Rome, where arts and sciences flourished so abundantly, the mechanical contrivances which in the last fifty years have revolutionized the world should have remained so sound asleep, and should have required so many centuries to wake them. He pokes good-tempered fun at a writer in the *Quarterly Review* who gravely pronounced Plato to be the *fons et origo* of all this supineness and torpidity. "The ridiculous notions of the Platonists," says the reviewer, "would not allow Archimedes, who was infected by them, to leave anything in writing relative to the details of mechanical contrivances." Mr. Haldane almost chuckles aloud over this delicious theory. "So, then, the secret is out at last," he cries, "and a reason given for mechanical engineering being almost a thing of yesterday compared with other professions. So the Platonists were at the bottom of it, and stupidly barred all progress in this direction for thousands of years. Well, I never! Perhaps most people know this. It is very strange that I, who have read a considerable variety of books, was ignorant of it until now." Then the Alexandrian sage is supposed to soliloquize in this wise:—"Ah! didn't I just give the moderns a start with my steam-engines? Didn't I show them how the thing could be done? If I had only lived a little longer, wouldn't I have James Watter'd them!" The mechanician replies, "I quite agree with you; their engines and machines and wheels and shafts are admirable; but I am surprised to hear they are not even a hundred years old. What, in the name of all the gods and goddesses, have they been doing or thinking about for ages past?" The apologue does not end here, but we have not space for the rest of it. Further on our author again expresses surprise that it was left to men almost our contemporaries to put into "proper shape a force which the ancients touched upon so closely." But have we yet put it to the properest shape it is capable of taking? Must not the goal of science ever recede? Must not the world

Spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change?

The words which a practical man said to Mr. Haldane about one branch only of engineering probably apply to most other branches:—"I built a splendid ship a few years ago, and no expense was spared in her construction. She has now become obsolete, and I shall have to spend a few more thousands on her to bring her up to the times; and it is not at all unlikely that at the end of another two or three years I shall find my vessel again out of date." Events of recent, but not too recent, occurrence are generally those on which our memory is most apt to fail us. It is well, therefore, to be reminded of the first triumphs of ocean steaming, to read of the *Enterprise's* voyage to India in 1825, when her commander, Lieutenant Johnstone, R.N., received ten thousand pounds for "his arduous services," though he failed to win the lac of rupees which the merchants of Calcutta would have given him if he had made the voyage in seventy days, instead of its taking him one hundred and fourteen. It is good to be reminded of the enterprise of Junius Smith, the American Doctor of Laws, who, in spite of all opposition from the sailing-ship proprietors, succeeded in forming a Company with a capital of 100,000*l.*, which enabled him to build the *British Queen*, of 2,400 tons. But in the course of her construction the contractors failed, and it was not until July 1839, seven years after the idea had first occurred to him, that the persevering Smith was able to start his steamer from London for New York. The voyage only took fourteen days and a half. But while the *British Queen* was languishing on the stocks Dr. Smith's firm had chartered the *Sirius*, of 700 tons, for a voyage out and home. She started from Cork on the 4th of April, and made the run to New York in eighteen days. On the same day steamed into New York harbour the *Great Western*, which had sailed from Bristol on the 8th of the same month, thus completing her voyage in fifteen days. Close upon these triumphant achievements of steam navigation followed the disappearance of the *President*, in which, among other passengers, were Mr. Tyrone Power, the admirable actor, and a young officer for whose arrival home a sorely afflicted but not despairing mother watched from the windows of Goodwood for many a weary year to come. Almost every one had his own theory as to the cause of the *President's*

loss. She had struck an iceberg; she had broken in two; she had run into field-ice; she had been overwhelmed by the sheer force of the sea. Each of these conjectures is as likely as the other. For nearly fifty years the sea has kept its secret. It is not likely to be divulged now.

In his anecdotes and stories of the various Companies which send fleets of steamships across the Atlantic we are rather surprised that Mr. Haldane has nothing to say of the memorable collision of the Cunard steamships *Arabia* and *Europa* in 1858, a disaster happily attended with no loss of life, but remarkable for the divergence of opinion among authorities on seamanship as to the conduct of the officer of the watch on the former vessel, some such authorities maintaining that the order given by that officer caused the collision, and others contending that, but for his wise foresight and readiness of resource in giving that order the shock would have been fatal to one or both of the vessels. The conclusion of these two vessels is also noteworthy from the fact that the news of the *Europa's* safe arrival at St. John's, Newfoundland, was, we believe, the only, or almost the only, message, except a complimentary one from the President of the United States to our Queen, transmitted across the Atlantic by the original cable, which immediately after ceased to work.

Mr. Haldane's narrative of his own professional career, of his first start in the famous house of the Dennys, his transference to the Lairds, and his subsequent entrance on private practice, will be found interesting by persons who have cognate tastes and pursuits, or who may desire to make engineers of their sons. The profession, like most others, has plenty of bitter mingled with its sweets. Work comes in very slowly sometimes, and the race is not always won by the swift. Competitions are often unfair and absurd, as the author shows in his chapter on the tenders for Eatonswill Bridge and the fortunes of the candidates. Mr. Haldane's fancy sketches are generally amusing. The picture of the country which would be laid bare to our view if by some magic the sea could be made to vanish is painted with the skill of a scientist and the feeling of a poet. The taller Himalayas now covered by deep waters are made to stand before us in weird grandeur, and the skeletons of myriads of sunken ships reveal to us their buried treasures.

We have said that this book contains much information which will be found useful to both connoisseurs and amateurs of engineering as a science. We may add that it will also be found interesting by persons who have no inclination towards any branch of science, and who have as little knowledge of mechanics as Goldsmith or Charles Lamb.

Most of the illustrations are purely technical; but the sketches of the *Comet* on the Clyde in 1812 and the *Umbria* on the Mersey in 1837, have merits beyond those of a clever and amusing contrast.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S recent translation of the Memoirs of the Margravine Wilhelmine has revived the interest of English readers in Frederick the Great's stormy youth, and should gain some attention for so thorough and moderate an investigation of the subject as is contributed by Professor Koser (1). We are not quite so confident of the author's impartiality as of his diligence; he writes entirely from the Hohenzollern point of view, and the endeavour to make out a fair case both for Frederick and his father, but more particularly for the latter, is very apparent throughout his work. A partial writer, however, may easily be prepossessed on the right side, and such we believe to be the case with Professor Koser. Tyrannical and capricious as was Frederick William's conduct, he is entitled to the credit of having acted from high motives, and nothing short of a miracle could have enabled him to understand a son so unlike himself. Without the great change which Professor Koser recognizes in Frederick's character about 1736, he might have justified his father's apprehensions; the latter, on the other hand, erred grievously in expecting too much from a young prince whom he had himself disgusted with order and discipline. It is remarkable how, from the time of the Great Elector to the present day, when the spell seems likely to be broken, energy, parsimony, and military stiffness have alternated on the throne of Prussia with weakness, ostentation, and taste for the elegant arts. The two tendencies were more nearly reconciled in Frederick than in any other Prussian sovereign; and his father might not unreasonably fear that the love of letters would get the upper hand of the love of arms. Professor Koser's book is written in a clear, unpretending style, and gives evidence of extensive research.

Herr Georg Weber (2) is a correct and agreeable writer, entirely devoid of any claim to originality. He tells us what we knew before of the English civil wars, the intellectual movement of the eighteenth century, the Baden insurrection, and other historical epochs, great and small, without committing himself to anything more questionable than a lame defence of the partition of Poland, and the rash statement that *Hudibras* is forgotten in England. He is as readable as a very tame author can be; and,

(1) *Friedrich der Grosse als Kronprinz*. Von Reinhold Koser. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

(2) *Geschichtsbilder aus verschiedenen Ländern und Zeitaltern*. Von Georg Weber. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Nutt.

if the facts and reflections he imparts really required to be repeated, he has repeated them very well.

The Servians are felt to have so thoroughly disgraced themselves, in a political point of view, by their unprovoked attack upon Bulgaria in 1885, and to have done themselves so little credit in a military sense, that it is something of an event to find a book written from their side of the question. Colonel von Bilimek-Waissohn (3), who was in the Servian army throughout the campaign, does not regard it as in any respect a contemptible force, and even thinks that the fortune of the campaign might have been different if this had been prolonged. He admits, however, that the Servians, even if victorious, could not have maintained themselves in Sophia, and that the seizure of Widdin was the only fruit they could promise themselves from their piratical attack. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book, which is written in the dry technical style dear to military men, is the account of the organization of the Servian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies.

Dr. Ebeling's Augustus of Saxony (4) is not Augustus the Strong, but a much less interesting person, the brother of the great Maurice, and chiefly remarkable for the contrast which he presented to him in every respect. He was passionately devoted to hunting, alchemy, and bigoted Lutheranism, and was altogether a characteristic specimen of the petty German tyrant of his day, less wicked, but more coarse and less princely, than the Italian.

As the Germans, it appears, were going to law with each other about Kaspar Hauser (5) so late as 1883, it may have been worth Herr von der Linde's while to devote the acumen he has evinced in the investigation of such subjects as the origin of chess and the invention of printing to the study of this strange case. It is also, no doubt, useful that human gullibility should be exhaustively displayed, and imposture left with not a leg to stand upon. Imposture dies hard, however, if it really requires eight hundred pages for its annihilation, and very few, we imagine, will find patience to read what it is a marvel that Herr von der Linde has had patience to write. In England, at any rate, where nobody has believed in Kaspar Hauser for thirty years, we should be satisfied with much less copious and conclusive demonstration, nor do we think that any English author of Herr von der Linde's standing would have been guilty of such habitually abusive language, and sweeping imputations of base motives, to all who happen to differ from him. The number of these unhappy persons, fortunately, will henceforth be small; for, with whatever needless detail and needless scurrility, Herr von der Linde triumphantly proves his case. The singular part of the matter is that the impostor should never have been satisfactorily identified.

The late Mr. Carlyle would undoubtedly have pronounced the painter Overbeck (6) "a poorish, narrow creature," and with considerably more justice than when he bestowed the like compliment upon Sir William Molesworth. Yet, though the literal fitness of the epithets cannot be disputed, the austere ascetic enthusiasm Overbeck maintained throughout his life renders him a not undignified figure. He was the prophet of a mediæval reaction against the art of the Renaissance, a movement more sincere and strict in its adherence to its principles than our pre-Raphaelitism has proved itself, but greatly inferior in originality, and probably only more faithful because from the first too dry and academical to be capable of development. There is great technical merit in many of Overbeck's works; he possessed the science of composition in an eminent degree, but his invention is limited, and his feeling, though genuine, monotonous. In illustration of his views on art it will suffice to adduce a letter in which he warmly protests against the notion that he would prohibit Christian artists from painting the nude; for how else, he asks, shall Adam and Eve be depicted by them? The general spirit of the observations on art conveyed in the correspondence here published is much on a par with this piece of liberality, and the only remarkable incident in his life, his exodus from the Vienna Academy in company with the other students of his way of thinking, is either imperfectly recorded by himself or slurred over by his biographer. Though not devoid of interest in parts, the biography is as a whole far too long, and more creditable to Miss Howitt's diligence than to her discrimination.

If three stately volumes, splendidly printed on fine paper, adorned with autographs and facsimiles, are not too much for the Alsatian composer Johann Georg Kastner (7), what would suffice for Mozart? Such biographic pomp is actually disadvantageous to the memory of the subject. If he is not absolutely in the first rank of genius, it involuntarily brings to mind Goldsmith's famous man, whose tomb in Westminster Abbey was not founded upon his reputation, but his reputation upon his tomb. Kastner appears to have been an excellent writer on the theory of music, but to have obtained no extraordinary distinction by its practice. We

cannot discover that any of his operas have kept the stage, or that any of his compositions are generally known. Apart from his technical books, his claims to remembrance seem chiefly to rest on the improvements he introduced into the instruments of military music, and his ingenious invention of the pyrophone, which showed the way to the experiments on "singing flames" so popular at the Royal Institution. Modest achievements entitling him to a modest memoir, but not to the cumbrous mausoleum erected by an ill-judging piety.

Karl Gotthelf Lessing (8) is chiefly indebted for any notice that may ever be taken of him to the fact of his having been Lessing's brother and biographer; but Dr. Eugen Wolff thinks, and apparently not without reason, that his own dramatic attempts were far from contemptible. His biography and his editions of his brother's works provoked violent censure from quarters usually so little in harmony as Goethe and Nicolai; after all, the former work remains the most important source of information for Lessing's biography. The blame of most of the faults of Karl Lessing's editorial and biographical labours is here thrown upon the publishers; but it is not explained why they were allowed to be so arbitrary and absolute.

Prudentius—an interesting writer both from his own merits and as an example of the tendencies of his age—is the subject of a very complete monograph by Father Augustin Röslér (9). As a Roman Catholic, Father Röslér is naturally eager to establish Prudentius's exact agreement with the Roman theology of the present day, and hence a considerable portion of his work is polemical and tinged with party spirit. The biographical and strictly critical parts are more trustworthy and also more interesting, especially the chapter on Prudentius's controversies, in which Father Röslér contends that the heresy attacked in the "Psychomachia" was the Priscillianist, and that on the literary history of Prudentius's writings since his death. The good father would gladly see his favourite author made a school-book, but admits that this is hardly to be expected.

Dr. Maehler's theory of Biblical chronology (10) is mainly based upon his identification of the darkness which fell upon the land of Egypt with a solar eclipse which occurred on Thursday, March 13, 1335 B.C. The day of the week, according to the Rabbinical authorities, was a Thursday, and no other eclipse will fit. The value of these authorities may be questioned, and Dr. Maehler can only get rid of the statement that the darkness lasted for three days by an entirely novel interpretation of the Hebrew. Another difficulty he removes by pointing out that the eclipse would not be absolutely total in the land of Goshen. It is certainly remarkable that Dr. Maehler's date should so nearly agree with that which Egyptologists have arrived at by an entirely different path; and he states that during the printing of his book his theory has received an important confirmation from Egyptian sources, to be set forth in a sequel.

"Schleiermacher as Pedagogue" (11) is not, as might be supposed, an essay upon the great theologian in that capacity, but a selection of extracts from his works bearing on the subject, whether directly educational treatises or not.

The "Letters of an Unknown" (12) illustrate the importance of the personal element in epistolary composition. They are sufficiently good to have been read with interest if the writer's personality had commanded reverence or excited curiosity. They do not, however, proceed from any quarter that could confer an interest upon them independently of their literary merits, and these, though not inconsiderable, will be found, we should think, insufficient to recommend them to any wider circle. That they gratified the writer's intimates we can easily believe, and he would appear to have been a person of much experience of life and vicissitude of fortune. The letters, however, belong to the period when M. Villers had found his port, and describe no incident more exciting than a visit to Lord Lytton at Knebworth. They are chiefly addressed to members of the Austrian aristocracy, and always exhibit the easy tone of an accomplished man of the world.

"The Mountain Wreath," by the Prince Bishop of Montenegro (13), celebrates the deliverance of the principality from the Turks by his ancestor, Bishop Danilo, in 1702. It may be described as a dramatized narrative, the course of events being conveyed in dialogue. We willingly believe that it may be, as the translator assures us, an ornament of Servian literature; in German the monotony of the trochaic metre renders it very fatiguing.

Rudolf von Gottschall's interesting little sketch of the Chinese drama (14) is apparently mainly derived from French authorities, who have, he states, succeeded in interpreting the lyrics which form

(8) *Karl Gotthelf Lessing*. Von Dr. Eugen Wolff. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

(9) *Der katholische Dichter Aurelius Prudentius Clemens*. Von P. Augustin Röslér. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. London: Nutt.

(10) *Biblische Chronologie und Zeitrechnung der Hebräer*. Von Dr. E. Maehler. Wien: Konegen. London: Nutt.

(11) *Schleiermacher als Pädagog*. Von H. Keferstein. Jena: Mauke. London: Nutt.

(12) *Briefe eines Unbekannten*, 2 Bde. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Nutt.

(13) *Der Bergkranz (die Befreiung Montenegros)*. Historisches Gemälde von Petar Petrovic Njegos, Fürst-Bischof von Montenegro. Uebersetzt von J. Kinte. Wien: Konegen. London: Nutt.

(14) *Das Theater und Drama der Chinesen*. Von Rudolf von Gottschall. Breslau: Trewnndt. London: Nutt.

(3) *Der bulgarisch-serbische Krieg, 1885*. Von Hugo Ritter von Bilimek-Waissohn. Wien: Seidel. London: Nutt.

(4) *August von Sachsen*. Eine Charakterstudie von F. W. Ebeling. Berlin: Heine. London: Nutt.

(5) *Kaspar Hauser*. Eine neugeschichtliche Legende. Von Antonius von der Linde. 2 Bde. Wiesbaden: Limbarth. London: Nutt.

(6) *Friedrich Overbeck. Sein Leben und Schaffen nach seinen Briefen und andern Documenten geschildert*. Von Margaret Howitt. Herausgegeben von Franz Binder. 2 Bde. Freiburg: Herder. London: Nutt.

(7) *Johann Georg Kastner. Sein Werden und Wirken*. Von Hermann Ludwig. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Hartel. London: Nutt.

the kernel of the classical Chinese play, and which were too hard for Sir John Davis, whose version of *The Sorrows of Han* first made the Chinese drama extensively known in Europe. The first epoch of the Chinese drama dates from the Tang dynasty (617-907), when, as in the beginnings of the Greek drama, the pith of the play was musical recitative, accompanied by just sufficient dialogue to impart a dramatic form. The preponderance of the musical element is shown by the name bestowed on this class of compositions—"Music of the Pear-garden." Under the Song dynasty (960-1119) the drama ("Amusements of the blooming groves") is still mainly lyrical, but has more plot, and the action resembles a novel in dialogue. Under the Kin and Yuen dynasties (1123-1341) the drama attained its most artistic development, and the plays then composed constitute the classical repertory to this day. The style of the pieces since produced bears more resemblance to that which obtained under the Song dynasty, a circumstance ascribed in great measure to the extraordinary success of a drama of this class first performed in 1404, the *Pi-pa-ki*, which is a universal favourite to the present day.

The *Rundschau* (15) for August contains Karl Frenzel's novelette of the days of Savonarola, and has a survey of contemporary philosophy, by Dr. Gizycki, which indicates that English philosophy is gradually taking a higher place in German estimation as psychology encroaches upon metaphysics. *Mind* is declared to be the best philosophical journal at present existing, and the recent publications of Mr. Sidgwick and Professor Fowler are treated with great respect. The other contributions to the number are mainly biographical. An article on Sophie Brentano, a sister of Clemens, would no doubt have been more interesting if this attractive person had lived longer. Neither does Fanny Lewald seem able to say much about Liszt. An account of the Landgrave of Hesse Rheinfels, a German prince converted to Roman Catholicism in the seventeenth century, is, on the other hand, very racy and interesting. The Landgrave proved his sincerity by the freedom with which he criticized the weak points of the Roman Church, notwithstanding the admonitions of the Jesuits that such things were only to be censured in the abstract. He protested against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, denounced the use of Latin in church services, and, on the whole, made himself infinitely troublesome, like an honest, straightforward German as he was.

THE ANATOMY OF PATTERN.*

HOW patterns are designed is to most men or women the greatest mystery in the world. People who pass their lives in working them out, and even artists who can copy anything in nature, are bewildered by a bit of Gothic tracery or Moorish mesh-work. And it is not many years since there was no solution known to most of the problems left us by the old masters in decorative art. It was supposed, for example, that the elaborate interlacings of the Alhambra, or of Arabic ornament in general, were simply the result of extraordinary genius and experience, and that the artist made them he knew not how, until Ferguson saw through it all, and explained to the world that the most complicated and graceful patterns were produced by the cross-lines of a chessboard, recrossed with diagonals. Even the patient and intelligent Westwood was appalled at the difficulties of Irish interlacings, and found them at times impossible to copy; but now there are artists who understand perfectly the principles of their construction. And the further we go, the more we find it to be a fact, that even boys and girls of from ten to fourteen years of age can be taught to produce quite as good original designs as the average of those which have been made at any time.

In this work Mr. Day, who has an established reputation as a writer on decorative art, has to a certain extent, assuming that "pattern" generally means a repetition of a given ornament, shown his readers how one may be designed. There are many who will dispute such a limited definition of the word. The free-hand artist, for example, will at once exclaim, after reading the manual, that he can conceive of something far bolder and better than anything here laid down, and yet strictly within the limits of what are now generally known as the minor arts. But the world has not as yet advanced to this stage of design. And Mr. Day is manifestly limited to only such designs as may be executed by machinery. Thus he says:—

Even though one may have no intention of taking advantage of the full width of a block, it may still be found convenient to design within the diamond, if only in order to economize design; and, mind you, economy is an absolute necessity of the case. But for economic reasons there would be no weaving, printing, stamping, and so on; we should confine ourselves to embroidery, tapestry, and other work of our own hands.

Which, in the interests of true art, would hardly be such a disaster as Mr. Day seems to suppose. But to do him justice—more than he has done to some of his predecessors whose works he has not mentioned—he has, within his self-imposed limit, executed his work very well indeed, and shown how any person with the least knowledge of practical drawing, and with sense or taste enough to select and copy the simplest ornaments, or even make them on cut-out stencils, may, by mastering a few

extremely easy rules, learn almost at the first trial to produce beautiful and symmetrical patterns. These principles are briefly as follows:—Firstly, there is a vast order of such patterns constructed upon cross-lines. Vary the breadth and intervals of these, we get the tartan plaid; and by a very little practice even a child with a few examples can learn to produce endless changes of interlacing squares, Greek meanders, swastikas, crosses, basket-work, "longs-and-shorts," and diapers. Cross the squares with lines diagonally, and we get first the triangle and then the diamond, which is Mr. Day's grand *pièce de résistance*. By grouping these triangles, as is well shown, in three plates, a very great variety of diaper ornament may be produced. "Here we have the basis of all that infinity of geometric pattern which we find in Byzantine mosaic inlay, and in the Moorsque tile-work derived from it."

The circle and its combinations are but a development of the square, and a wave-line only a rounded row of chevrons or saw-teeth. But in practical pattern-planning, especially in what is known as "spacing," the diamond is of paramount utility. To avoid monotony where there must be repetition is a task which is best fulfilled by ranging the ornaments diagonally, and in showing how this can be done, and in clearness and copiousness of illustration, the author leaves us nothing to desire. The only exception to this is that his explanation of the "drop" is such as leaves the tiro in great doubt whether by "drop" the author means the omission or leaving out of a part of the pattern, or a lowering it, which latter is the real definition. Mr. Day makes it very evident that the most "all-over" design, no matter how it may abound in "give and take" caprices, may be generally defined by diagonal diamonds. It is true that many artists produce their best effects by circles, but Mr. Day is influenced by straight lines to such a degree that there is in all his work only one plate—29—in which the superior boldness and beauty of the spiral or "vine" is well set forth. But within his limits he has done his work admirably, and it may be cordially commended to all beginners as the best book—all things considered—at present within their reach. Its shortcomings may be, for the more advanced student, to a great degree made up by a study of the *Suggestions in Floral Design*, by F. E. Hulme, and the works on foliage of different kinds by J. K. Colling, in both of which the vine or spiral as the main element of the pattern is well set forth. For it will hardly be denied by any who have had experience in decorative art that the anatomy of pattern lies far deeper and involves much more than the ability to "space" designs, or even to bring them within the "twenty-one inches" required by the wall-paper maker. It is impossible to separate pattern from ornament, and a correct analysis of the former should embrace instruction in the latter.

OLD MANCHESTER.*

THE Committee of the Manchester Exhibition has done well in issuing this very pretty volume of descriptions and views. It gives full particulars of the houses, gateways, towers, and monuments which have been so cleverly arranged in the grounds at Old Trafford. A permanent record of this part of the exhibition is likely to be very highly appreciated; and it may, possibly, lead the people of Manchester to reflect a little on the fact that their great city grows daily more and more ugly, more and more wanting in those architectural features we should expect to find in a place of its size and importance. The worst part of it is that the citizens have not been unwilling to spend vast sums, as they vainly hoped, in improving their public buildings and in erecting new ones. The result is sadly disappointing. The new Town Hall, the Law Courts, and Owens College are perhaps the most conspicuous of these recent erections, and they have set an example which has been very closely followed in many parts of the city. The same heavy style of Gothic is apparent everywhere, in banks, insurance offices, and sets of chambers; but the chief warehouses are not so distinctly Gothic, or, indeed, anything else, but belong to an anomalous class, in which a little tawdry ornament does duty for style, and a renunciation of all rules of proportion is relied upon to insure originality. The depressing character of the streets is not relieved by the sight of handsome old churches apparently going to ruin, with broken glass and falling ceilings; or by the very ruthless "restoration" to which the Cathedral has been subjected. Here and there, it is true, chiefly in the heart of the city and in the neighbourhood of the old Market-place, a half-timbered house of many gables may be found and admired; but one feels it cannot last long, unless the authorities should soon discover how valuable such fragments are to the general appearance of the place. This little volume, illustrating old remains and recalling handsome houses and picturesque street corners, which for the most part have disappeared, may do good, and enable the authorities responsible to see how far they have been misled. The volume begins with a kind of architectural and topographical history, which may be taken as a supplement to Mr. Saintsbury's political history of Manchester, and which will be found to contain many curious and interesting notes on the ways of life in a Lancashire manufacturing town in bygone days. The Roman remains, identified by most antiquaries with Mancunium, are perhaps too scanty to have afforded the materials

(15) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 13, Hft. 11. Berlin: Paetel. London: Nutt.

* *Text-books of Ornamental Design—The Anatomy of Pattern*. By Lewis F. Day. Illustrated. London: B. T. Batsford.

* *The Booke of Olde Manchester and Salford*. Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester, 1887.

from which to restore the very perfect gateway which its designers would have us believe truthfully represents "the Porta Decumana of ancient Mancunium." In any case, it forms a very good entrance to the Street, and is certainly a careful study of what a Roman gate may have been in Britain. By this archway the visitor is admitted to "Market Sted Lane," a place in old Manchester whose name was long corrupted into the unmeaning form "Market Street Lane." Here we have half-timbered houses in plenty, an old printing-office, the "Eagle and Child" coffee-shop, Chetham College (without Mr. Waterhouse's new school-room), the old bridge, with its Early Pointed chapel, the first Exchange, the house of Mr. Dickenson, in which the Pretender lodged in 1745, and many other relics, extremely well grouped, and dominated by an admirable imitation of the tower of the Cathedral, in which a chime of bells adds greatly to the general impression. We have only mentioned a few of the attractions of this eminently successful "reproduction." The volume in which it is described is a worthy record, and is beautifully printed and full of interesting pictures. Houses, churches, coats of arms, scraps of old iron, figures and costumes all are pleasantly illustrated; and the historical portion is easy to read and full of entertaining notes. The book is chiefly written by Mr. Alfred Darbyshire, the architect, and there is an introduction by a local authority, Mr. Milner, President of the Manchester Literary Club. Perhaps the pains they and their coadjutors have taken may have some effect on the modern architecture of Manchester. A great opportunity offers itself in the Infirmary, the central building of the whole city, which must sooner or later be adorned suitably with a new front. Whether that front will be worthy of old Manchester, or only worthy of the oppressive and frowning buildings which surround it, remains to be seen. Manchester as a city sadly wants distinguishing features, such as are supplied for London by St. Paul's Cathedral, and for Liverpool by St. George's Hall.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JUSSERAND (1), who is already well known by painstaking work in various departments of the history of English literature, has written a creditable study of a subject of which English students do not generally know much, and which, indeed, until Dr. Grosart recently printed the works of Greene, Nash, and Dekker, and the Hunterian Club those of Lodge, it was not easy for any one but a millionaire to study in his own library. We might, of course, pick out mistakes or oddities here and there—for instance, to leash together "Ascham, Coryat, and Sidney" as among the few possessors of "a supple, alert, and lively prose style" before the end of the seventeenth century, is one of those eccentricities which ought to make English critics of foreign languages tremble, lest haply they may have been guilty of similar things in their own criticism. Neither should Dr. Jusserand take Mr. Landmann for a prophet. Neither should he call Lord Colambre of the *Absentee* "a lord précheur, after the fashion of Richardson," for he is nothing of the sort, nor would it have occurred to any one but a Frenchman who has made up his mind that all Englishmen preach that he is. But within his proper limits Dr. Jusserand is learned and accurate, and, to Englishmen's shame be it spoken, he probably knows more about his subject than all but a very few of ourselves. Those few, if they differ with him sometimes, will be the first to endorse our encomium.

We have another book before us which is in effect, though only partly and accidentally, a history of a part of English literature. Three of M. Nourrisson's "Philosophers of Nature" (2) are Bacon, Boyle, and Toland; Buffon coming after them to fill the fourth and much the least part of the book. The author, of course, deals with his subject from the philosophical, not from the literary, side; but philosophy until our own days, which have achieved the feat, has never been divorced from literature. The book is prefaced by a long and interesting introduction on philosophies of nature generally. It is unnecessary to say that M. Nourrisson treats his subject with full knowledge; it is, perhaps, more to the point to say that he treats it neither popularly nor heavily. Perhaps the sections on Boyle and Toland are the more interesting, but that is only because, compared with the libraries that have been written about Bacon, the literature of those twin-subjects is in proportion scanty.

The fourth volume of M. Jouaust's elegant, cheap, and satisfactory edition of Montaigne (3) has appeared.

The cheap little collection (or, rather, large collection of little volumes) called the "Bibliothèque utile" (4) seldom admits numbers which are not "matterful and faithful," as some singular people say, nor is M. Faque's work on French Indo-China one of the exceptions. Perhaps a neutral historian would not give quite the same account of the Tonquin war and some other matters, but that is nothing.

Mme. de Blocqueville (5) has shown not merely so amiable, but

so laborious, a piety in her memoirs of her father that we can even pardon her a rather superfluous polemic with M. de Mazade in the preface to the present book, though, as a rule, nothing is more disgusting or more sterile than these bickerings between two contemporary writers on the same subject. Mme. de Blocqueville's present book, which is of less stately and more handy shape than her last, contains letters, some of them discovered since the publication of her larger book, and all of them illustrative of the character of its hero.

It is seldom necessary to slay a minor poet utterly unless he is of the worse sex, and very bumptious, and has repeated his crimes several times, and is puffed as well as puffed-up. None of these unforgivable crimes can be laid to Mme. de Montgomery's (6) charge, so we shall abate our rage and be good hawcocks. Let us only say that "Les Amours de Fantasio" is a rather dangerous title. For it makes one think of Musset, and, to be brutally frank, Musset wrote better verses than Mme. de Montgomery's, which are "pretty, but slim 'uns," as was once remarked of another.

The third quarterly number of the *Annales de l'Ecole libre des Sciences Politiques* (Alcan) has much matter of interest to Englishmen. M. Boutmy writes of the political work of Sir Henry Maine (whom so well-informed a writer should not call M.) M. Lefèvre-Pontalis continues his valuable contribution to the history of the '45, and M. Hulot has a noteworthy article on the way in which French Canadians have adapted themselves to Parliamentary institutions.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AN elegant little book, put forth to profit the Students' Union of St. Andrews University, is the miscellany of prose and verse edited by Thomas Spencer Baynes and Lewis Campbell entitled *Speculum Universitatis: Alma Mater's Mirror* (Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable). Somewhat stouter and squarer than the sister volume, *The New Amphion*, which was issued not long since for the benefit of the Edinburgh University Union, this little book is quite as brave and antiquated in guise and fully as attractive within. In a brief memorial preface the death of Professor Baynes is recorded in appropriate terms by the co-editor Professor Lewis Campbell, who is also a contributor of sundry good things, among them a version in Greek of a graceful little poem by Mr. Andrew Lang, on the fabled suicide of Orpheus, which in Elizabethan days would have been styled an epigram. The most agreeable pages in the volume are reminiscent, as in Mr. Lang's delightful recollections of old St. Leonard's, or commemorative of past worthies of St. Andrews, as in the paper on the Admirable Crichton, by Professor Forbes, the retrospect of Mr. J. Campbell Smith, and the notes on Principals Tulloch and J. C. Shairp. Following these graver tributes of seemly reverence is a lighter and more miscellaneous section, in which Mr. F. Anstey, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. W. A. Craigie, and Mr. R. F. Murray share the honours of a pious undertaking.

Among recent issues of the Clarendon Press Series are Mr. Joseph Hall's annotated editions of *The Poems of Laurence Minot*, and an introductory volume to an *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, by Mr. C. P. Lucas. To the student of English poetry there is not much of interest in Minot's poems, apart from questions suggested by their metrical structure. As a rhyming chronicler Minot is frequently felicitous in a picturesque phrase or a broad and vigorous touch, but neither in narrative nor in lyrical verse does he attain expressive mastery. Indeed, he hovers between these two poetic moods with a determined irresolution that is fatal to the artistic form of his work, and it is difficult to agree with Mr. Hall that "his turn is lyrical rather than narrative." To the student of philology and history the value of Minot's poems is, of course, considerable, and has been increasingly appreciated ever since Ritson's edition appeared. Mr. Hall's volume is a useful acquisition to the student. The introduction on the language and metre of Minot is lucid and pertinent, while the annotation, though copious, is not diffuse, and, from an historical standpoint, is especially satisfactory. To judge from his preliminary volume, Mr. Lucas has undertaken a work of obvious educational importance in the right spirit. His method of narration possesses the forthrightness of style that is a main assurance of utility. The title, *Historical Geography*, is perhaps objectionable, as it is somewhat awkward, for it is scarcely needed to emphasize the fact that you cannot avoid geography if you desire to tell the history of British colonization.

Mr. John Burroughs, if not directly responsible, stands as literary godfather to a class of books devoted to studies of the external aspects of nature, very popular just now in the United States, of which we have a fair example in Mr. Herbert Milton Sylvester's *Prose Pastorals* (Ticknor & Co.). Considering the frequency of such books it is not surprising to learn, on the authority of Mr. Rider Haggard, that the writings of the late Richard Jefferies are much read in America. Without possessing a tenth part of the vigorous individuality of Mr. Burroughs or Richard Jefferies, Mr. Sylvester is a keen observer, and knows how to delineate without making description tedious. His recollections of a boyhood spent among the beautiful hills and woodlands of New Hampshire are pleasant to read. His sketches of rural life around the old homestead that forms the centre of his

(6) *Premiers vers*. Par Mme. G. de Montgomery. Paris: Lemerre

(1) *Le roman anglais au temps de Shakespeare*. Par J. J. Jusserand. Paris: Delagrave.

(2) *Philosophes de la nature*. Par Nourrisson. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Les essais de Montaigne*. Tome 4. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Bibliothèque utile: l'Indo-Chine Française*. Par L. Faque. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Le Maréchal Davout—Correspondance inédite*. Par la Marquise de Blocqueville. Paris: Perrin.

youthful rambles have a piquant American flavour that will be very welcome to English readers, many of whom will sympathize with his reminiscence of compulsory church attendance in the country, "haunted," as was Mr. Sylvester when a boy, "by numberless spooks of condemnation."

Well printed and in gorgeous garb of gold and crimson is the first volume of Mr. Thomas Archer's *Queen Victoria: her Reign and Jubilee* (Blackie & Son), an historical survey of Her Majesty's reign, to be published by subscription in four volumes. The present volume contains the annals of our times to the year 1842, and is illustrated by numerous plates after portraits and paintings by Winterhalter, Wilkie, and others. The work promises to be a complete and satisfactory record.

In the "Camelot" series we have a selection from Mazzini's *Essays* (Walter Scott), republished by permission of Mme. E. A. Venturi, and edited by Mr. William Clarke. The book includes, among early writings, the curious rhapsody entitled "Faith and the Future," the article on Lamennais published in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1839, and the articles on "Carlyle" and "Byron and Goethe." Altogether, the selection is interesting and instructive. It is curious, for instance, to compare Mazzini's review of M. Renan's *La Réforme Morale et Intellectuelle*, the last of his writings, with the literary fruit of an earlier and more passionate period.

The new and revised edition of *The Comic Blackstones* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.) appears almost as a new book in its present attractive form, edited by Mr. A. W. a'Beckett, and illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. The coloured plates abound in whim and fancy, the spirit of the artist being thoroughly congenial to the humour of this diverting book.

Mr. John Oldcastle's *Life of Leo XIII.* (Burns & Oates) is a well-written memoir, giving interesting particulars of the early years of the Pope's priesthood, of his long and active pastoral charge in Perugia, and of his subsequent election as Pope and installation at the Vatican. In supplementary chapters the Rev. W. H. Anderson, S.J., discusses and translates some of the poems of Leo XIII., and Mrs. Meynell contributes sympathetic and suggestive reflections on St. Peter's and past and present aspects of Pontifical Rome. The book is well illustrated with portraits and other woodcuts.

Herrick's *Hesperides*, edited by Mr. H. P. Horne (Walter Scott), appears in the "Canterbury Poets," and merits a popular reception; for Mr. Ernest Rhys writes a judicious introduction, Mr. Horne's notes are carefully compiled, and the text appears to be accurate.

The Student's Summary of English History (Philip & Son) preserves the best features of two previous manuals by Mr. Thomas Haughton, the compiler, and gives in compact form the facts and dates of English history, interspersed with brief and relevant notes drawn from various historians.

The Mining Manual for 1887, compiled and published by Mr. Walter R. Skinner, is a guide and directory for investors in English and foreign mines. It gives particulars of eight hundred and thirty mining Companies, in alphabetical arrangement, and a list of Directors, with addresses and statement of their official connexions. The book is well arranged, and the information given is useful and complete.

We have received a fourth edition of Dr. Robson Roose's treatise on *Gout* (H. K. Lewis); a new edition of Dr. Rudolf Gneist's *Student's History of the English Parliament*, translated by Professor A. H. Keane (Grevell & Co.), and a second edition of *The Home Hymn-Book; with Accompanying Tunes* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.).

We have also received *The Life of Ernest Jones*, by Frederick Leary (Democracy Office); *Stories of "The World"* (White & Co.); *Ben D'Ymion and other Parodies*, by H. F. Lester (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Trips for Tricyclists*, by Professor Hoffman (F. Warne & Co.); *Sketches of Parisian Life*, by H. F. Wood, reprinted from the *Morning Advertiser* (Vickers); and *The Unchanged*, by Richard Dowling (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.).

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